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THE CONTINENT WEEKLY MAGAZINE

VOL V

Feb. 27, 1884.

No 107



CONDUCTED BY ALBION W. TOURGÉE

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

THE VALUE OF A LINE." By Henry Blackburn, Editor of "Academy Notes," Author of "Breton Folk," etc.

ILLUSTRATED with many Drawings by Leading English Artists—Sir John Gilbert, R. W. Macbeth, G. D. Leslie, W. Rainey, Frederick Morgan, Marcus Stone, J. W. Waterhouse, F. Callcott, C. E. Perugini, and others.

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A TRUMPETER.—SIR JOHN GILBERT, R. A.

THE VALUE OF A LINE.

It is with much pleasure that I avail myself of the opportunity afforded by the editor of *THE CONTINENT* to present to the American public some sketches, in black and white, of pictures by English artists. Many of these illustrations are of extreme interest, coming as they do direct from the hands of celebrated painters in England, and indicating the composition of pictures about which the world has been talking during the past year. Apart from their individual interest as pictures and the associations connected with them, there is an artistic value in the present series; these sketches being reproduced in *fac-simile* from the originals, which renders the collection unique. These illustrations

show the various characteristic methods by which celebrated painters express the meaning of their pictures in a few lines, and form a curious contrast to the elaborate and highly finished wood-cuts such as we have for years seen and admired in *Harper's* and *The Century* magazines, and of which a fine example appeared in the opening pages of the present volume of *THE CONTINENT*.*

The art of illustration is a subject of great interest and importance at the present time, when nearly every popular publication is illustrated and so many artists are occupied in drawing for the press. The examples

* Lake George. By W. Hamilton Gibson.

in these pages may suggest more variety in the methods of illustration than is at present in vogue, and especially "the value of a line," in drawing for reproduction. It will be observed that every illustration in these pages is drawn in line, and many of them show in how few lines it is possible to express the motive of a picture. In



AT THE PANTOMIME.—A. F. BARNARD.

view of the rapid advance of the art of photo-engraving, a system by which an artist's sketch in line can be reproduced in relief on a block ready for printing without aid from the wood-engraver, it is high time that art students gave more attention to drawing for reproduction by photo-mechanical means. It was well said by the late Prince Albert of England, in an address to art students, that "through the pictorial system the mind receives impressions with the least effort and in the quickest way, and that the graphic method was the true way of imparting knowledge." Are we, then, in the matter of giving information, or in imparting knowledge through the medium of illustrations, adopting the truest and simplest methods? I venture to say that in many cases we are doing nothing of the kind. We have pictures in abundance which delight the eye, which are artistically drawn, and engraved on wood with a delicacy of refinement never equalled in the history of the art, but in which, in nine cases out of ten, there is more thought given to effect, as a picture, than to illustrating the text.

Are we, in the art of expressing our ideas to each other, doing anything better than was done in the fifteenth century; or, to go further back, have we achieved anything more expressive pictorially than has been found in cuneiform inscriptions, or in the art of the Japanese? It has often been suggested that the art of printing is, after all, but a questionable blessing on account of the error and the evil disseminated by it. Without going into that question, I think we may find that the art of printing with movable type has led to some neglect of the art of expressing ourselves pictorially, and that the apparently inexorable necessity of running every word and thought into uniform lines has actually

cramped and limited our power of expression, and of communicating our ideas to each other.

The general result of the system of elaborate illustrations on wood is pretty enough; but in producing these things, and in admiring them, we are half unconsciously departing from the first principles of book illustrations as taught by Albert Durer and Holbein three centuries ago, and Bewick just prior to our own time. We are admiring the effect very often as a picture and forgetting the purpose of illustration, which is—to illustrate. When an illustration is in perfect harmony with the text the result is delightful; as, for instance, in the article by Mr. John Burroughs, which appeared in *The Century*, where the illustrations of spring scenery, by Alfred Parsons, and the words of the author seemed to bring, as it were, the scent of new mown grass and the perfume of an English spring, vividly before the reader. Here was artistic harmony and complete success.

But let us dismiss for the present the consideration of elaborate illustration by professional artists, and, beginning at the lowest step of the artistic ladder, see what forms of illustration are within reach of every writer for the press. The question, which it appears to me is worth putting forward for the serious consideration of every writer and reader is, "Whether, with the means now at command for reproducing any lines drawn or written in perfect *fac-simile* (in a few hours and at a small expense), we should not more frequently see the handwork of the author as well as of the artist appearing on the page?"

In the description of buildings it is always necessary to draw a few lines to show the plan and elevation, if nothing more; in fact, it has been well said that "if you can describe a building in words it can scarcely be



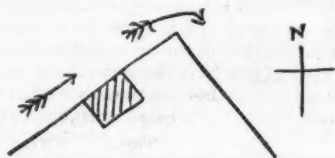
COWSLIPS.—G. D. LESLIE, R. A.

worth describing at all!" Again, in describing pictures, how feeble are words! how much the interest of the distant reader is heightened, if the written description is accompanied by sketches such as are on these pages,

indicating the composition or effect. Many more instances might be quoted where pictorial notes leave an impression on the mind that words are powerless to convey. And yet we go hurrying on, ignoring these things!

Let us take an example: It happens, sometimes, in a work of fiction or in the record of some accident or event, that it is important to the clear understanding of the text to know the exact position of a house, say at a street corner, and also (as in a late trial for arson) which way the wind blew on a particular evening. Words are powerless to explain the position, and yet words are and have been used for such purposes for hundreds of years, because it is the custom. But if I am permitted to point out in the pages of *THE CONTINENT* that, where words fail to express a meaning easily, a few lines, such as those below, drawn in black ink on ordinary paper, may be substituted (and if sent to the printer with the manuscript will appear in *fac-simile* on the printed page), I think a new light may dawn on many minds, and new methods of pictorial expression come into vogue.

This diagram, which was sketched in a minute on the sheet of manuscript, is but one example out of a hundred that might be given, where the pictorial method should come to the aid of the verbal in supplementing the meaning of the author.



There are many items of current news, such as the movements of troops on a field of battle, which require something more than words to explain them. As the war correspondent's calling does not seem likely

to become extinct in our time, it would seem worth while to make sure that he is fully equipped. One cannot help thinking what interest would have been added to Dr. Russell's famous letters from the Crimea had he introduced a line or two pictorially into the text. The method of writing employed by correspondents on the field of battle is unnecessarily clumsy and prolix. We

hear of letters written actually under fire, on a drumhead, or in the saddle, and on opening the packet as it arrives by the post we may find, if we take the trouble to measure it, that the point of the pen or pencil has traveled over a distance of upward of a hundred feet! This is the actual ascertained measurement, taking into account all the ups and downs, crosses and dashes, as it arrives from abroad; and the same clumsy process is generally gone through for telegraphic purposes. Some years ago, at an International Rifle Contest in Dublin between English and Americans, engravings of the targets with the marks of the shots of successful American competitors appeared on the front page of the *New York papers* on the morning after the contest, whilst the English newspapers, published at the same time, occupied columns of words to chronicle the result.

In the illustration of books, especially books of travel, it is

quite certain that the present system of drawing and engraving is too elaborate, the cost of which hampers publishers and deprives the public often of what it would most care to see. Instances of this occur every day. I saw lately the author of a book of travel lay before his publishers a collection of sketches, photographs and the like, which he had taken years to collect. To have seen these, or most of them, presented in some form in his book, would have been a valuable addition to our store of knowledge; but the publisher was wise, from a business point of view, and out of some hundred subjects suitable for illustration he selected ten of the most attractive, and had them drawn by some one who knew nothing of the locality illustrated, and engraved on wood in the smooth manner which is now in fashion. The book will be a success financially, and everybody



DIOPHANTUS.—J. W. WATERHOUSE.

will be satisfied excepting the author, who knows that the most interesting part of that book lies in a drawer in his own chamber. A rough pen-and-ink sketch of the floating islands, with their weird inhabitants, at Stanley's Station on the Congo river, which appeared lately in an English daily newspaper, was an instance of news presented to the reader in a better form than words. "The very thing that was wanted!" was the general exclamation, as if there were some new discovery of our powers of description in news-giving. There are, of course, many reasons for the ordinary method of book illustration, but the chief one is Fashion; we cannot hope to alter it all at once, but with the increased facilities for producing illustrations a change will come, and the book of the future will not be considered complete unless the author has helped to express himself pictorially, and to consider it a legitimate part of his work.

The reproduction by photo-process of lines such as these for the press is no longer costly, and the blocks can be printed, if necessary, on the rapidly revolving cylinders which produce in a night 100,000 copies of a newspaper. This kind of illustration has no pretension to be artistic, but it is "illustration" in the true meaning of the word, and its value when rightly applied is great. Without venturing upon the question of the desirability of daily illustrated newspapers, there is no question that events are recorded daily in words when they ought to be partially described pictorially.

Now, remembering how much the eye and the mind, even of the uneducated, will supply and picture for themselves, if only the leading lines of a figure, a building, or a landscape are correctly indicated, it would seem worth while to treat the subject scientifically, and for ordinary purposes of illustration to learn exactly where to stop; to learn how to express an effect in a few lines, and to master the shorthand of pictorial art at

least as perfectly as the scene-painter has mastered his. In the great mass of ephemeral illustration there is waste of labor and superabundance of detail. Let us then ask our illustrators, especially those who chronicle



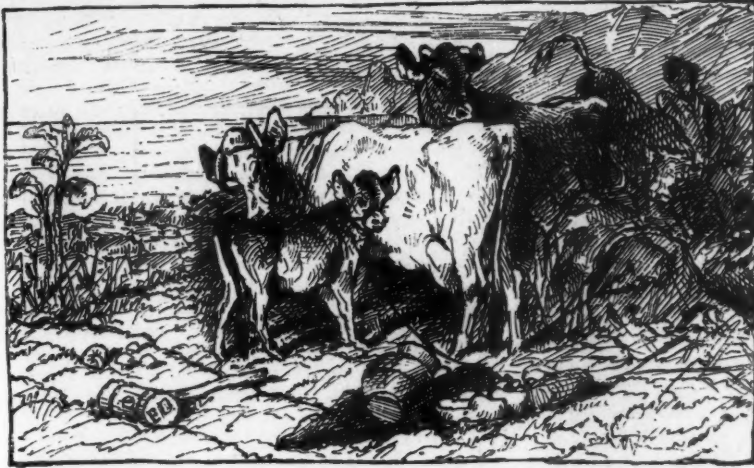
AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.—MARCUS STONE, A. R. A.



THE TIME OF ROSES.—MARCUS STONE, A. R. A.

news, if they cannot express their ideas in fewer lines; in short, put half the work into one illustration and give us two. With so many facilities for reproduction and improvements in machinery, of rapid printing, is it not time to stand aside, as it were, for a moment and ask ourselves, whether in the style and pattern of illustrations we may not have been working in the old grooves too long; whether the moulds we have used so often are not beginning to lose sharpness and significance?

We have weekly illustrated papers showing great proficiency and completeness in organization; and from London, it may be said, are issued the best illustrated newspapers in the world; but our artistic skill and commercial enterprise has led us into temptation, and by degrees engendered a habit of making pictures when



MILKING TIME.—EDWIN DOUGLAS.

we ought to be recording facts. We have thus through our cleverness created a fashion, and a demand from the public for something which is often elaborately untrue. Would it be too much to ask of those who cater for and really create the public taste that they should give us one of two things, or, rather, two things in our illustrated newspapers, the real and the ideal: 1. Pictorial records of events in the simplest and truest manner possible. 2. Pictures of the very highest class that can be produced on wood and printed with the type. There are two opposite methods of illustration which only require to be kept distinct, each in its proper place, and our interest in them would be doubled. We ask first for a record of news, and then for a picture-gallery, and to have means of knowing, to use a common phrase, "which is which."

The first stage of illustration, where little more than a plan or elevation of a building is aimed at, and an author, with little artistic knowledge, is yet enabled to explain himself to his reader pictorially, is easy; it is when we approach the hazardous domain of art that real difficulties begin. As matters stand at present, it is scarcely too much to say that the majority of art students and the younger school of draughtsmen are all abroad in the matter of drawing for the press, lacking, not industry, not capacity, but method. That they do good work in abundance is not denied, but it is not exactly the kind of work required—in short, they are not taught at the outset the *value of a line*. That greater skill and certainty of drawing can be attained by our younger draughtsmen is unquestionable, and, bearing in mind that *nearly every book and newspaper in*

the future will be illustrated, and that the best qualified reporter for the press will be the best draughtsman as well as shorthand writer, the importance of cultivating the shorthand of pictorial art is much greater than may appear at first sight.

Referring to the evident want of training amongst the younger draughtsmen in England, the question was put very bluntly in the London *Athenæum* thus: "Why is not drawing in line with pen and ink taught in our own Government schools of art? The present system in schools seems to render the art of drawing of as little use to the student as possible, for he has no sooner mastered the

preliminary stage of drawing in outline, from the flat, with a lead pencil, than he has chalk put into his hand, a material which he will seldom or never use in turning his knowledge of drawing to practical account. The readier method of pen and ink would be of great service, as a preparatory stage to wood drawing, but unfortunately drawing is taught in most cases as though the student intended to become a painter."

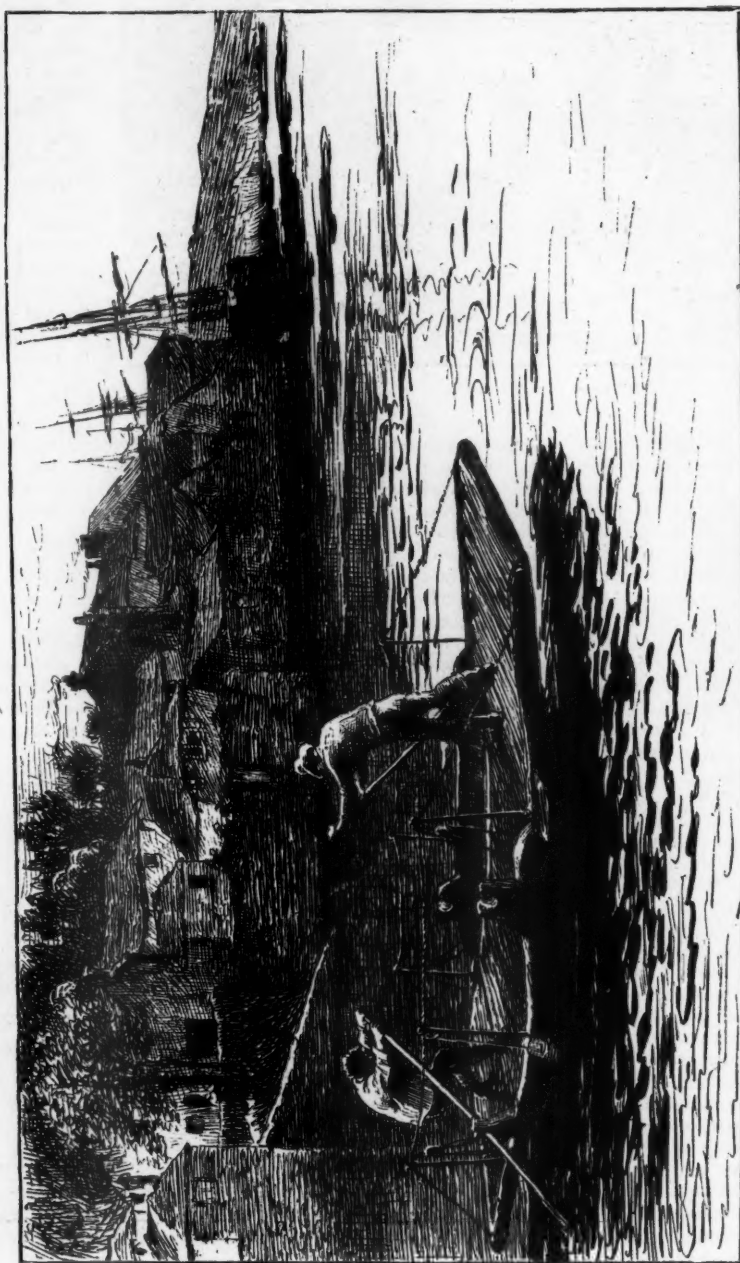
Since these lines were written efforts have been made in various schools of art to give special training for draughtsmen on wood and instruction in wood-engraving which every illustrator should learn; but up to the present time there has been no systematic teaching in



SARDINE BOATS, LOW TIDE.—R. W. MACBETH, A. R. A.

drawing applicable to reproduction by photo-engraving, or "process," as it commonly is called.

These remarks, addressed originally to art students in Europe, apply with equal, if not greater force, to America, where the arts of reproduction, and that especially of wood-engraving, are farther advanced than in



THE HORSE FERRY.—BY W. BAINES.

other countries. But in the skill of the engraver and reproducer the character and individuality of the original artist is fast vanishing away. The finest illustrations in this country appear to me to be engravers' and printers' successes. This is not quite as it should be, and I look forward to the time, not far distant, when the illustrations of America will assert their individuality more distinctly than at present. The movement will come with the more general adoption of drawing in line, and of *fac-simile* reproduction by whatever means. If I have scattered over these pages in an apparently reckless manner examples of drawing in line by various artists, it is with the intention of showing their individuality rather than their care and skill in drawing for process. Look, for instance, at the splendid sketch by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., a *fac-simile* reproduction of which stands at the head of this paper, and see by what simple means he attains his effect. The reproduction is from a pen and ink drawing six inches by five; here are style and individuality with the force and skill of a



FINISHING TOUCHES.—C. E. PERUGINI.

Rembrandt. The artist was not thinking of making a pretty picture for this magazine, he was simply indicating the effect of his large picture (six and a half feet by four and a half) in a rough and ready way. Sir John Gilbert is a veteran in the art of illustration, and every touch of his work is instructive to the young artist. This drawing, and many others before us, stand in violent contrast to the methods in vogue in this continent, because the artists who sketch their pictures for the English "*Academy Notes*" attach more importance to expressing the effect of their pictures than to making a finished drawing; they are working on the right principle, and if some of these sketches appear at first sight rough and coarsely drawn, they will be found on examination to be full of meaning and artistic value. The art of expressing effects in a few lines is given to some artists in an exceptional degree (pre-eminently to Mr. Randolph Caldecott, whose sketches we shall see in a future number). It is very curious and instructive to notice the various methods before us. Look, for instance, at the two drawings by Marcus Stone, A. R. A.,



A MOTHER'S LOVE.—F. CALDECOTT.

and see with what ease and grace he indicates his pictures. "The Time of Roses" and "An Offer of Marriage" are among the many delicate and charming genre paintings by him exhibited in the Royal Academy of England. Examples of his works are seldom seen in America, being bought by private purchasers before they leave the studio. When the day comes when works of art are permitted to enter this country free of import duty, and a pure international copyright law protects the work of artists and authors on both sides of the ocean, there will be a wider dispersion of paintings such as those here represented, and the American artist will be the first gainer by the change.

There has lately come to this country an etching by R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., of Mason's celebrated picture called "The Harvest Moon," one of the most refined and beautiful works of modern times. The young painter died early, and his friend Macbeth has lately completed the etching; published by Dunthorne, of London. Mr. Macbeth is one of the newly elected associates of the Royal Academy, and another English artist whose skill, in black and white is perhaps better known here than his paintings. But his Brittany girl, knee deep in the water, coming from the sardine boats with their festooned sails, exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, is a well painted and graceful picture.

One of the painters whose works are always delightful, pure in sentiment, true and harmonious in color, is Mr. George Leslie, R.A.; his theme is seldom ambitious; the attraction is in simple harmonies. As one of the best examples of his style, I take out of an old portfolio the sketch of his large picture of "Cowslips," exhibited in the Academy eight years ago; another picture of his, in the Royal Academy, of girls in an old English garden, playing the game of "Hen and Chickens," was delightful for its movement and for the



ON GUARD.—J. B. BURGESS.

play of light and color on the canvas—pale green-gray and brown dress in sunshine on a green sward. Of such materials are many modern English pictures made; pure, sweet, bright and refined in tone; fulfilling the requirement of art as perfectly as the gloomiest and most sorrowful picture of a French peasant in sabots, carrying a load under a winter storm. But pictures of care and sorrow, of sin, strife and pain, of dirt and degraded lives, are at present the vogue, and so the young painters of America come back, one by one, from study in Europe with "impressions" of morbid sentiment and gloomy landscapes upon which the pure light of day has never dawned. Millet, Breton, and the great French painters of "paysage," little dreamed, in their hours of labor and striving after a great ideal, that through their influence a gloom would be cast over many American homes, and that their imitators would flood the market with these sombre canvases. But a reaction is coming, I see it already; when the great collectors of America will take down from their walls those pictures of Arab chieftains; of mosques, with opaque blue skies and impossible shadows; of French boudoirs and boulevards, to make way for the works of the young painters of America, who, returning from European training, will not disdain to paint the thousand picturesque aspects of their own country; not in violent hues of sunset only, in rush of river or stretch of wide continent, but depicting the life about them; elevating it, even as Millet and Breton elevate theirs. What is to become of the art students of America if collectors set their faces eastward as steadily as the true believer watches for the rising of the sun, for the coming of the second Mahomet?

The question is too deep and serious to be more than hinted at in these pages, but there is no question that

many young artists are losing individuality and merging their style too much into that of France. I am led to these reflections because I find myself presenting to the American public examples of art in which there is, if anything, an excess of variety and individuality, but variety which has the especial attraction of sincerity in motive. Many of the pictures here are by young painters of high aim, whose work is coming steadily forward. Take, for instance, such simple studies of country life as "The Horse Ferry," by W. Rainey. This I venture to point out as an example of healthy work within the reach of the average young painter who has learned the technique of his profession in the excellent schools of this country.

I will not touch now upon great art. We all have high aspirations, but the majority of young painters, like the majority of young preachers, will settle down in a few years to the work of every-day life. The student of Raphael or Michael Angelo will soon find himself painting pots and kettles for a livelihood—an honest and worthy livelihood, if his work is equal in technique to the Dutch painter's of old if he works with spirit, or to that of Edouard Frère, the patient student of cottage life, still living and working in his home at Ecouen. That the art-loving people of America are fond of scenes of pastoral life is evident enough; in fact one young English painter finds enough to do to paint pictures of Jersey cows for this country, engravings of which are dispersed here in thousands of homes. Mr. Edwin Douglas, whose pen-and-ink sketch is printed on page 262, has by the skill and grace of his art made pictures of Guernsey and Jersey cows almost a fashion. Now, it occurs to me that as *you have the cows* in large numbers in America (and presumably, simple



A NUBIAN SOLDIER.—F. H. PAVY.

maidens to tend them), that artist need not go far afield for such subjects. In short, America is full of material for those who have the genius to interpret it.

To turn to a different branch of art, Mr. C. E. Perugini's "Finishing Touches," at Kew Palace, is interest-

as a painter of children. A clever illustrator of the works of the late Charles Dickens, F. Barnard, gives us a little picture of manners and customs in the present day—a good-natured, sleepy old gentleman, with his grandchildren, in a box at Drury Lane Theatre, London.



LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER.—FREDERICK MORGAN.

ing, both technically and historically. It depicts a custom of the last generation, when court ladies retired behind a curtain to receive the last touch of powder before going to a ball. The barber who performs the operation is a gentleman who in those days filled the double position of barber and physician. Mrs. Perugini, a daughter of the late Charles Dickens, is also an artist who in the last few years has taken a prominent position

The beautiful drawing, by Mr. Waterhouse, of his picture of "Diogenes," serves to indicate another class of young painters, who are working more in the spirit of Alma-Tadema than of Vilhje or Gainsborough.

HENRY BLACKBURN.

[Other examples of the power of the simple line, with Mr. Blackburn's comments thereon, will appear next week.—ED. CONTINENT.]

PARSON DUNDY'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY MARY A. ALLEN.

"HELLO! the house!"

The stentorian tones leaped across the little clearing and awoke the woodland echoes, but they brought no visible presence to the open door of the little cabin, nor answering salutation from its interior.

In the early morning the Reverend Caleb Dundy, an itinerant Methodist preacher, had started on his first trip around his new circuit. His path had led over corduroy roads, through sluggish streams, dragging along through the heavy sand of the oak-openings until for the last hour the Six Mile Woods had engulfed him in its gloom. In its leafy shadows the daylight was so quenched that he feared night would come before he should reach the end of his journey. He had very little idea how far away that might be, and for the last few miles he had no signs of any human being of whom he could inquire. Therefore when the forest about him widened out into a cleared space and he saw before him an inhabited dwelling, and perceived the sun still high in the heavens, his courage arose, although he slackened the pace of his dejected beast until he drew rein before the cabin door. It was a very primitive structure, built of unhewn logs and roofed with elm bark.

It was probable that not a bit of iron entered into its construction. The interstices between the logs were filled in with split logs; the door, after the usual fashion, was of thick, rough boards, nailed together with wooden pins, hung on wooden hinges, and fastened with a wooden latch, which was raised from the outside by means of a leather string passed through a hole an inch or so above the latch. The door was locked by pulling the string inside, and no more cordial invitation could be given to a friend than to assure him that the "latch-string always hangs out."

The chimney was an excrescence attached to one end of the house, and built of sticks after the manner of children's cob-houses, the crossed ends projecting through the mass of clay in which they were imbedded. The small openings cut in the logs for windows were glazed with oiled paper. The door, which stood invitingly open, was flanked on one side by that peculiarly Yankee implement of industry, a mop, standing on the end of the handle, and on the other by a broom in reverse position. A cat sunned herself on the doorstep, and a few hens picked and scratched in the path. A group of sunflowers near one corner of the cabin turned their afternoon faces toward the west, and at their feet lay a pile of mammoth pumpkins, awaiting, doubtless, the sharp knife and skillful hand that should transform each one into a long golden spiral which should enwreath a horizontal pole near the ceiling to slowly exhale its vapor under the seductive influence of the cheerful hickory fire, and in its dark and shrunken coils to remain yet a prophecy of Thanksgiving or Christmas cheer; or, yielding less genially to the blandishments of the heat, to slowly rot and fall at unexpected moments upon some unlucky pate, and thence to the floor, to the great annoyance of the pioneer housewife.

The Reverend Caleb Dundy in personal appearance was a typical backwoodsman. Large, angular and awkward of body, with a face browned by exposure and marked by many lines indicative of anxiety and the

varied experiences of pioneer life. Surely not less than half a century had been busy in tracing the strange character-writing of that countenance. Shrewd lines of calculation were drawn about the small black eyes. Broad marks of humor lay about the heavy mouth, intertwined with strange lugubrious tints and curves that comported better with tears than smiles. As he lifted his broad-brimmed white-furred hat a low, narrow forehead was revealed, creased by time and surmounted by a shock of straight iron-gray hair, that stood up on the top of his head as stiff and unbending as the tall stumps of the clearing, but at the sides and back hung in a wiry brush, cut square off in the nape of the neck.

If, as Carlyle says, the cut of a garment betokens intellect, the pioneer tailors were not the most intellectual of men—but perhaps they were women; yet the bulging seams and curves of the preacher's satin "shad-bellied" coat were not without a certain dignity, born, perhaps, from the wearer's consciousness of his sacred office. As he looked about him with that strange mingling of humor and dolorousness in his face, a subtle aroma stealing from the open doorway reached his nostrils.

"Pig-fry!" exclaimed he, ecstatically, for the reverend gentleman was very hungry; and immediately the stentorian tones leaped again across the clearing, and startled the echoes.

"Hello, the house!"

"Hello, yourself, and see how you like it!" came in gruff return from the interior of the cabin.

Pioneer like, the preacher awaited no more genial response or invitation; but, throwing the reins over the horn of the saddle, knowing well that the poor patient horse would need no urging to stand, he walked up the path and paused with one foot on the door-step and a hand on either jamb.

Standing thus, he could see the open fire-place glowing with a generous fire, over which was suspended the skillet containing the spluttering, browning, fragrant "pig-fry." Squatting before the fire, her back towards him, was a woman, from her figure evidently young, who, dipping one hand into a crock beside her on the hearth, drew forth a boiled potato, and sopping it in the skillet, took therefrom a generous bite.

Prompted by his physical inner consciousness, he was about to enter and claim a right to the next grab into the crock and sop in the pan, when a gruff voice from the deeper interior arrested him with the query, "Well, what do you want?"

Not in the least abashed, Mr. Dundy advanced into the room and approached the speaker. As he did so, he noted with quick eyes the peculiar features of the apartment. It was a long, low, dimly lighted room. The end next the fire-place was floored with slabs, but the further half was littered or carpeted with clean straw. This was the sleeping room, and a pioneer bed occupied one corner. The bedstead was of poles supported at the corners by being thrust between the logs, and crossing at the outer corner were supported by a post. The preacher found nothing strange in that piece of furniture. He had too often made such an one himself, and corded it up with strips of slippery elm bark; but the straw carpet was a novelty.

But not more of a novelty to him than to us would be the appearance of the man who addressed him. He was an old man, not less than sixty years of age, yet his shaven face was round, marked by few wrinkles, and with a more florid tint than usual among the malarial districts of northwestern Ohio.

His feet were encased in coarse cowhide boots, ventilated by the wear and tear of Time, and in addition by numerous holes and slits cut for the comfortable accommodation of various corns and bunions. His home-made linen trousers were rolled up nearly to the tops of his boots. His upper garment was the usual woolen "wa'mus" (a contraction of "warm us," perhaps), buttoned at the throat, but tied together at the waist by the long front corners. His scanty white locks were covered by a tall, stiff leather cap, which rose in a point fully ten inches above the head of the wearer, as if it might be a crown, or perhaps a priestly head-covering. He sat in a strange pontifical chair or throne, formed from the stump of a tree arising through the floor, and whose roots yet remained in their primitive earth; and whose shaggy sides formed the arms and Gothic high-pointed back, Gothic architecture being the most natural to the woodsmen who walk daily in the vaulted aisles of God's own creating.

The old man was smoking and looked from amid encircling wreaths at the intruder, who answered his question with another.

"Mebbe you kin tell me how fur it is to Tadmor?"

"It is about five miles," answered the old man, without removing his pipe from his mouth.

"And how 's the roads? Be they tol'able middlin'?"

"The roads are quite good," was the reply.

There was a marked contrast between the uncultured speech of the itinerant and the grammatically correct language of the stump-enthroned patriarch, and as great a contrast in their tone and manner. That of the preacher was genial and frank; betokening the open-heartedness and brotherly feeling so universal among men reared in a new country where common toils and common dangers render all men friends and neighbors; that of the old man was gruff, reticent, even cynical; the manner of a man reared where the chances in life were few and unequal, and men regarded each other as strangers, or more probably as possible opponents in the struggle for existence.

"Hain't much acquainted over tu Tadmor, be ye? Don't du yew 're tradin' there?"

"No; we generally trade at Nain."

"Can't tell me much about Tadmor folks then; what kind o' folks they be, good or not?"

"They 're good enough, what there is of them, and enough of them such as they are," growled the patriarch between his pipe-sealed teeth.

The reverend questioner laughed.

"Got a putty smart sprinklin' o' human nature, I judge. I find that putty gin'ally the case; tares and wheat, weeds and flowers, needin' a good weedin' out every onc't in a while to keep 'em in any thing like fair proportions. I suppose yu go tu meetin' over to Nain tu. What persuasion are, the heft of the folks over there?"

During this dialogue the girl had risen from her lowly position before the fire-place, and with a well-sopped potatoe in her hand had gradually approached the speakers. Her features were browned with the sun, and comely with the curves of youth, but they owed nothing to art. Her straight, thick black hair was drawn into a tight knot at the back of her neck, and apparently had not been combed that day, for numerous untidy stiff locks and

fringes protruded rebelliously on all sides. Her dress of "linsey-woolsey" was coarse and scant, revealing a pair of sturdy brown feet and ankles below its folds. Its original color was obscured with age and the grime of dishwashing and cooking, and was protected by no apron, but was adorned by a few patches of materials foreign in color and figure to the original.

As the preacher paused for an answer to his last query she stepped quickly forward and whispered in the patriarch's ear. A gleam of an awakened interest momentarily lighted his face, and he glanced keenly at the stranger and nodded. Mr. Dundy drew himself up, and scratching his head in a slightly embarrassed manner, "guessed he'd better be jogging along, or he wouldn't get to Tadmor before supper," casting a regretful glance in the direction of the "pig-fry."

The girl advanced a step toward him, giggled a little, took a bite of her potato, and asked in a half-sheepish manner: "Aren't you a preacher?"

There was the same correct pronunciation that was noticeable in the old man; the same good grammar, but in other respects the girl seemed the very embodiment of rusticity.

"I am," replied Mr. Dundy, in solemn tones, the humorous wrinkles of his face at once overpowered by the sanctimonious ones. This might be a trembling lamb seeking to find the way into the fold.

"Could you marry me?" giggled the girl. A look of horror mingled with embarrassment now took possession of the preacher's face, and he stammered, hesitatingly: "Why—you see—you know—why, seein' as I have a wife already."

"I didn't mean *that*," interrupted the girl, petulantly.

"She meant to ask you if you were authorized to perform the marriage ceremony."

"Oh, sartin, sartin," exclaimed the minister, rubbing his hands jovially in the relief he experienced in finding that he was only asked to officiate as clergyman and not as bridegroom.

"Sartin, I kin splice ye tighter 'n a door-nail. Jest bring along yewre young man."

Not waiting for the close of the sentence, the girl had sped from the room and the patter of her bare feet could be heard receding from the house.

"She knowed I was a preacher by my cloze, I guess," observed Mr. Dundy.

The old man nodded, and growled between his teeth, "Any one might know it. A working man don't travel about in 'shad-belly' coat on week days."

Mr. Dundy seemed to regard this remark as a reflection upon the clergy and turned the subject by propounding a question.

"What mout you 're name be?"

"Israel King," was the gruff reply.

No wonder that with such a name he was crowned and enthroned as a royal patriarch.

"Hain't lived in these parts long, I guess."

"Several years."

"Hev ye now? But yu ain't a Yankee?"

"I'm an Englishman and I'm not ashamed of it."

"Waal, I don't know why a man should be ashamed of his kentry unless he's done su'thin' to make his kentry ashamed o' him," and then, feeling that he had given a hit in return for the blow at the clergy, he resumed his catechism.

"Companion a-livin'?"

"No."

The minister shook his head sympathetically.

"It's hard to submit to the decrees of Providence when yewre companion is taken away. I've lost two

companions a-ready, an' my third is weakly. I'm almost afeared I shall be out o' wives agin putty soon. I s'pose the gal's your darter?"

"Yes," answered the old man, musingly, for the preacher's words had taken him back in thought many years. He recalled himself the youngest son of a poor but aristocratic family in England, to whom he had ever been a source of great anxiety. He had rebelled against college, showed no liking for law, fought determinedly against being manufactured into a clergyman, consorted with gamekeepers and hostlers, and finally severed all ties between himself and home by marrying the pretty daughter of a laboring man and emigrating to America. After various wanderings he became possessed of this piece of land in the Six Mile Woods and had built this little cabin. How well he remembered how Polly helped to peel the bark that roofed their new-world home, and how bravely she laughed over the homely pioneer furniture fashioned by his clumsy hands—hands not so deft and used to toil as were hers, yet he had tried—how thankful he was for that now—he had tried to bear the heaviest end of the burden and save her all he could. But she pined for the faces of friends, she missed the companionship of her old England home. She said no word, but she shuddered as at night the wolves howled about their lonely cabin, kept at bay only by the stout logs and the bright gleam of the hickory fire. And she shuddered, still in silence, when the snakes drew their slimy lengths up through the cracks in the puncheon floor to bask in the warmth of that cheerful fire. He remembered how every night she refused to sleep until she had satisfied herself that no cold serpentine folds were coiled up among the bed-clothes. And could he ever forget those awful days when in that corner over there she lay hovering between life and death and no friend or physician could be found to give either aid or companionship. No neighbor within miles, and sickness or death in nearly every house. How he watched her night and day, so lovingly, yet so ignorant of what to do.

And then that night when he toiled here all alone, for she was lying unconscious of everything around her, and by her side lay the dead babe for whom he, the lonely stricken father, was making, by the flickering fire-light, the tiny coffin in which to bury it, in the solemn darkness of the night, out of the sight of the mother who could never after recall anything save one glimpse of its large, blue, wondering eyes that opened for one moment upon life, and then, as if finding it too cold and dreary, closed them and went, alone—so helpless and little to go anywhere alone—out into the great unknown.

But the mother did not die then. Slowly she came back to life and all its hardships, and grew more and more silent and sad.

Fevers and agues had robbed her cheek of its English bloom; care and privation took from her form its roundness and from her step its elasticity, and at last, when the little Bethulia was eight years old, she lay down, just over in that corner, in that bed covered with the counterpane her own hands had made—just over there she laid herself down and died. Yes, it was hard to bow to the decrees of Providence, and he had not bowed. He had rebelled; he had grown hard in heart, cold and unsympathetic in manner to all, even to his little daughter, who with her feeble strength had taken up the burden the wearied mother had put down, and who all these years had been his faithful housekeeper, picking up her knowledge of household duties in the careless manner of inexperienced childhood, and never failing, though in a careless and slovenly way, to care

for her father's physical welfare. He had repaid her by teaching her to read, to "cipher," and to speak and write better English than their neighbors. He, however, taught her nothing of manners or morals. All the little amenities of life which would have been remembered, had the mother lived, were forgotten.

They lived so very solitary that she had seen little of the world. A few participations in an "apple-paring" or a "husking-bee" had been the extent of her glimpses into society, so that with the correct speech and an intonation of a lady, she had the *gaucherie* of the veriest rustic. Wrapped in the cloud of smoke ascending from his pipe and in the memories evoked by the preacher's words Israel King had almost forgotten the stranger's presence, but the harsh voice broke in upon his musings with the words:

"Nice, likely gal. Hope she's a-goin' tew git a good man. Is he yewre hired man?"

"He works the farm with me."

"Oh, he works on sheeres, I s'pose. Waall that's a good way. But ain't he a-gittin' more 'n his sheer when he gits the gal?" inquired the preacher, with a manner intended to be jovial, but it failed to touch any humorous chord in the old man's breast, and he remained grimly silent. For almost the first time in his life Mr. Dundy had failed to meet a response to the kindly-meant outpourings of his thoughts. He shifted from one foot to the other uneasily.

"Why don't you sit down?" growled the old man.

"Waall," replied the preacher with a little laugh, "I've had about as much settin' to-day as I keer fur. I must a-rid twenty-five miles sure, 'n' I'm glad fo' a chance to stand up and grow better. 'Spect the gal'll be back soon," and even as he spoke she entered.

"I've brought your horse around and given her some fodder," she said to the preacher. Stooping as she spoke and scraping the coals from the lid of the bake-kettle, she lifted the lid with a long hook, and a fragrance of Johnny-cake pervaded the room.

The hungry stomach of the preacher gave a throb of delightful anticipation.

"I 'spect the feller won't be long a-comin'?" he asked eagerly.

"He'll be here in a minute," replied the girl, busy-ing herself among her pots and pans.

"There he comes," said the patriarch, giving a vigorous puff at his pipe; then taking it from his mouth knocked the ashes out on the floor, and laid the pipe in a groove made for it on one side of his stump chair. The bridegroom entered, a stalwart young backwoodsman, in true pioneer dress of cowhide boots engulfing the lower part of his trousers, a "linsey-woolsey wa'mus," and a broad-brimmed coarse straw hat.

Walking up to the preacher he held out his hand, saying in a hearty fashion:

"I'm all-fired glad you're come, passon. Me 'n' Bethuly's had the wust luck ever wus a-tryin' to git married."

"Come, Bethulia," continued he, turning to the girl. "Don't keep the preacher waitin' a minnit, or suthin' else'll turn up to disappoint us. Hurry up, naow. No time to put on any fixin's. Come jest as yew are."

The girl had her hands in the dish-pan, engaged in washing the skillet, that it might be employed for the second time in the preparation of the meal. Obedient to her lover's summons, she took her hands from the dish-water and wiped them on the skirt of her dress; but instead of taking her place by his side she went to an ancient chest and opened and took from its depths a little box.

"Oh, let your furbelows go!" exclaimed the young man, impatiently.

"Come, Bethulia," said her father, "we're waiting."

Bethulia turned her black eyes saucily toward both father and lover as she replied: "I'm going to put on this neck-ribbon, or I won't be married at all."

And so, perforce, the three men waited while Bethulia, in her bare feet and soiled homespun gown, donned, not a clean apron—for aprons formed no part of her wardrobe—but a green and red plaid neck-ribbon, and fastened it with a brooch of green glass. She must have been the bride of whom our children sing:

"What do you think the bride was dressed in?
A gay gold ring and a green glass breastpin."

But, after all, was not that little touch of barbaric adornment a little peeping out of the feminine nature, that, not trained by motherly love and care to habits of neatness and order, yet could not let pass that one supreme moment of a woman's life, the hour of her marriage, without some recognition of its importance and sweetness. Better that little touch of personal pride, over soiled dress, grimy hands, and bare brown feet, even though pointed at by unkempt locks, than that there should have been no attempt at wedding finery, no evidence that this poor motherless girl felt that this was the last touch of personal adornment her maiden hands would ever give.

The ribbon was adjusted, the gay brooch clasped, and Bethulia went and stood at her lover's right hand, while the preacher doffed his broad brimmed hat and donned his sanctimonious wrinkles, and made ready to bring out his most solemn tones.

"Yew ain't on the right side," whispered the groom.

"Yes, I am," responded Bethulia.

"Yew ain't, nuther. The left side's the right side."

Bethulia giggled at this, but the groom, reaching with his left hand behind himself, seized her arm and drew her around to his left side; then, taking her right hand in his, solemnly awaited the momentous ceremony.

"My dear brethering and sistering," began the minister, in tone and manner as if addressing a vast congregation, "we are gathered together on this solemn and momentous occasion to witness the jinin' of this man and this woman in the holy, connubial bands of matrimonial wedlock."

Rhetorically speaking, tautology was the Reverend Caleb Dundy's strong point.

Bethulia, whose knowledge of words under the tuition of her father had progressed far beyond that of her lover, snickered aloud at this, but received an admonishing "hunch" from the elbow of the groom, who was deeply impressed with the sonorous roll of polysyllables.

The preacher now advanced a step, and placing his mouth to the ear of the groom, in a loud whisper asked, "What's yewre name?" and then applied his ear to the mouth of the groom, while he awaited the reply.

"Bushrod Collins."

"Hem," said Mr. Dundy from the most ministerial depths of his voice-box, and, stepping back, settled his necktie with the air of one under the observation of a multitude of eyes. Then followed the query as to whether "you Bushrod take this woman to be yewre legally, lawfully espoused wife," and so on: to all of which Bushrod solemnly responded, "I will."

Again the minister advanced a step, but this time it was to the bride's ear that he approached his mouth as he whispered: "What's yewre name?" and to the bride's mouth he approached his ear for the whispered reply, but with a saucy toss of the head the bride spoke up loudly, "Bethulia King." There is

a peculiar Western form of affirmation; indeed, I am not sure but that it is distinctly Buckeye; that, not being articulate, is difficult to express in written characters. But if the two syllables "hum, hum" be uttered with closed lips the sound nearly approaches this inarticulate yes.

When interrogated as to whether she took this man to be her husband, etc., Bethulia gave a modest little simper, and then looking smilingly into the preacher's face nodded and said, "Hum, hum."

"Then I pronounce you legally and lawfully espoused husband and wife," repeated the grave and solemn tones.

Immediately Bushrod's arms were around his "legal and lawful espoused wife," and a resounding smack was imprinted on her lips. "Didn't mean any of you fellers to git ahead of me," he exclaimed gleefully, as if a score of envious young men were waiting an opportunity to salute the bride, but his arms suddenly dropped, and the joyous look quickly died out of his face, and was replaced by one of horrified amazement as the awful words, "Let us pray," sounded in his ear. The minister and the patriarch were already kneeling, the latter on one knee with his hand resting on the shaggy arm of his stump chair.

As if shot, Bushrod dropped on both his knees, facing the preacher; but Bethulia found an objection to kneeling before nothing, and scudding across the room she seized a small bench, scudded back, dropped the bench behind Bushrod, then going in front of it kneeled at his side, giving him a poke in the ribs which induced him to swing around upon his knees as a pivot, and sociably lean his elbows upon the bench with hers. Meanwhile, the prayers had been majestically progressing, and the first that fell upon the ear, in the silence that succeeded this little bustle of arranging themselves, were these grandiloquent words: "And, O Lord, grant, in the most merciful and generous mercy, that in all the variegated and changeful vicissitudes of this fleetin' and transitory mundane spear, they may ever rest under the shade of the umbrageous shadow of thy wing—"

Here Bethulia gave a giggle, received a warning "hunch" from Bushrod, and preserved her decorum by stuffing the skirt of her dress into her mouth as Mr. Dundy fervently prayed that "during the nocturnal mighty shades of night the arm of Almighty and Omnipotent power might be about them, and that they might ever massacre on till they landed their eternal, immortal and never-dyin' souls in that celestial heavenly home above the skies. Amen."

As they arose from their knees the invisible robe of sanctimoniousness seemed to fall from the minister's shoulders, and in a genial, off-hand manner he wished the young couple "every joy the world can give."

Bethulia was hastening to her neglected cooking when the first marital command was issued.

"Here, Thule, you jest slip up and git that ar stocking-foot out o' the till o' the red chist. We got to pay the fiddler, I s'pose, if we will dance."

Obediently the young wife ascended the ladder that in one corner of the room led to the loft, while Bushrod, turning to the minister, shook hands with him again, saying heartily:

"I tell yew, but I am all-fired glad yew kim along today, fur we have had sich dog gone luck a-tryin' to git spliced. We 'lowed we could squeeze it in between plantin' and harvest; but plantin' was late, and there didn't seem to be no time till mowin' an' hayin'; then harvestin' couldn't be put off, an' there didn't seem to be no chance. Then since then we've been on the look-

out fur some o' yew circus-riders, but yew all seemed to give us the go by." 'Bout tew weeks ago we hearn thar wuz tew be a contracted meetin' or suthin' over to Nain, an' we set out one night tew go, but it rained. Je whilkens! cats, dogs, and pitchforks an't no comparison, and Bethuly said she wouldn't go if she never got married. I didn't blame her none, though I'd a-gone if she'd said so, but I didn't have no bonnet to spile."

By this time Bethulia had returned with the stocking-foot, and handed it to her liege and hastened to her pots and pans.

"Thar," said Bushrod, untying the stocking-foot and putting the string between his lips he took from the little bag a roll of bills, and putting one foot upon the little bench began spreading them over his knee—"thar's forty dollars, clean cash, all honestly 'arned. How much dew yew want, parson, fur this little job?"

"Oh," replied the preacher, smilingly, "folks most gin'ally gives what they think the bride is worth."

"Waall," said the bridegroom, with a magnanimous air, "here's a dollar, an' I don't begrutch it, ef I did work hard tew whole days to 'arn it," and he handed the bill to the minister, who took it, glanced at it dubiously, and then handed it back to the astonished groom with the words, "Putty poor pay, my friend, fur it's good fur nothin'."

"Yew don't mean it's counterfeit!" exclaimed Bushrod, and the patriarch laid down his pipe, put on his spectacles, and ordered him to "hand it here." Scanning it closely, he gave it back, saying, "That's genuine."

"Yas, it's *genuine*, but it's 'wild-cat'."

"'Wild-cat'! What dew yew mean?"

"Why, I mean that them ar Michigan Safety Fund banks are a-bustin' up like blazes, an' in Toledo you'll see the signs up everywhere 'No Safety Fund money taken here.' Why, I couldn't buy my breakfurs with it ef I was a-starvin'."

Hastily running over the pile of bills upon his knee, with the string that formed the lock to his little treasure still dangling from his lips, his cheek paled, and he groaned despairingly:

"It's every durned cent of it Safety Fund. A whole year's savin' gone clean as a whistle. I'd never a-thought I could hev afforded tew marry ef I'd a-known I hadn't a cent to fall back on," and he sat down on the little bench and looked despondently at the floor.

All unconscious of this sudden blight that had fallen on her hopes, Bethulia, in the fullness of her happiness, was singing the hymn that accorded best with her joy. How clear and even mockingly the words fell on Bushrod's ear!

"O, how happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above.
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love."

But his was not a nature to remain long desponding. Thrusting the valueless roll of bills back into the stocking foot, he spitefully tied the string around the parcel and then gave it a toss to the farthest corner, where it fell on the bed.

"Thar goes a year of savin' an' scrunchin' along. Now we'll begin again. Only, parson, I don't see how I'll pay yew. 'Spect yew wouldn't want any garden sass or such truck, would ye? But," with a sudden thought, "I'll tell ye. I'll make yew a coffin, a fust-rate un for yew or any of yewre family. Good seasined pine, painted red, or stained, warranted to last as long as—

"Supper's ready," called Bethulia, and the bargain remained incomplete.

The Reverend Mr. Dundy felt that if he were allowed undisputed exercise of knife and fork at table he could soon "surround" enough provender to pay him for the short demands made upon his ministerial services.

Out of respect to Mr. Dundy (the Creator not being taken into consideration), he was called upon to ask a blessing, which he did promptly and without casting any such reflections upon the "pig-fry" as did Dr. Adam Clark in his famous blessing at a table garnished with pork. "Lord, if thou *canst* bless under the Gospel what thou didst curse under the Law, bless this hog."

There was no question in Mr. Dundy's mind as to willingness of the Almighty to bless a savory meal like this, and longing to begin the enjoyment of its lusciousness

"Few and short were the words he said,"

and the meal began.

"You drink sassafras tea, don't yew?" inquired Bethulia, as she poured the pale, fragrant liquid into the coarse yellow bowls that served for cups.

"O yas. I a'most as fond o' sassafras as I am o' store tea."

"Do you take long sweetening or short sweetening?"

"I drink it fur the tea, 'n' don't take no sweet'nin'."

"Pa always takes short sweetening," continued the young housekeeper, and she bit a piece from a large lump of maple sugar and dropped it from between her lips into the bowl she handed her father."

"An', I allus take long sweet'nin'," said Bushrod, as he reached for the molasses pitcher and poured a stream of the rich maple syrup into his tea.

"An' punkin' butter tew, Thule! Sure as guns! Why, it's a reg'lar weddin' supper, ain't it? I reckon we shan't soon forgit you, Mr. —"

"Caleb Dundy is my name."

"Mr. Dundy. Fur I don't know when we'd a got a chance to get spliced ef you hadn't kim along. But then I'd a ben in happy iggernance a while longer that I wasn't wuth a red. I ain't, Bethule," continued he, turning to his wife. "Them dog-goned banks is all busted, and them bills that we've ben so proud on ain't good fur nothin' but shavins. No new dress this year, old woman."

For a moment Bethulia frowned a little, then she giggled and said: "Love in a tub, and the bottom fell out."

"But love didn't fly away," responded Bushrod, laughing at her application of the old saying. "But there's another day a-comin', and we can earn more; an' ef there ain't we won't want it."

"Waall, I guess I'll have tew be joggin' on. Du as the beggars du, eat an' run, yew know; but I'm feared I won't git to Tadmor'fore dark ef I don't start soon," said the preacher, whose dejected beast was soon brought to the door, looking, as did her master, quite refreshed and comforted by her rest and fodder.

Mr. Dundy shook hands with the patriarch, who had reseated himself in his royal, gothic, woodland throne, and was endeavoring to light his pipe; then with Bethulia, calling her for the first time by her new title of Mrs. Collins, which brought a little giggle to her lips, and then turned to the groom, who stood at the door, holding the reins of the horse. As the preacher offered his hand, he seized and gave it a hearty pressure, saying with sincere earnestness:

"Now, parson, I mean it. I don't want you tew do this little job fur nuthin', an' I'll make a coffin fur yew any time yew want it. Preachers gin'ally give their

weddin' fees to their wives, don't they? Yew can hev it made to fit her; or"—with a genuine inspiration—"yew can make a spec on 't. Sell it fur clean cash, yew know. Or, ef you 'll give me your measurement, I 'll make it to fit yew, or one o' yewre children."

The preacher swung himself into his saddle, and as he gathered up the reins to start he laughingly turned to Bushrod, saying:

"Waall, I 'll consider yewre offer. Which would

yew rather make it fur—me, my wife, or one o' the children?"

"O," replied Bushrod, as he re-entered the door, from which issued the sound of rattling pans, and Bethulia's clear tones singing,

"O how happy are they,"

"O, I'm not at all pertickler. Yew kin fix that tew suit yewreself. But I tell ye it 's a chance—what ye might call a reg'lar opportunity."

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

SOME twenty-five years ago, being about to set out on a journey, I stepped into the Harpers', on Franklin Square, to ask for something easy to read on the way and at the stopping-places. In response to my request, Mr. J. W. Harper (of the original firm, the father of the present bearer of that name, who also presides over the literary department of the house) handed me a duodecimo volume—a novel entitled "Doctor Thorn," by Anthony Trollope. The name was new to me, though another Trollope had, nearly thirty years before, made something of a buzz among readers of light literature in America. Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans," appeared in 1831, and her son, whose name I then first heard, nearly forty years later, says of it that "her volumes were very bitter, but they were very clever," which is a very fine estimate of the character of the work, and of course it was as bitterly if not as cleverly denounced by those whom it so severely and not especially unjustly caricatured, for caricatures are expected to magnify deformities, and they are offensive to their subjects about in proportion to their aptness to be recognized. The Americans of the second and third generations after those who were here taught to "see themselves as others see them" will accept the son's further statement as not very wide of the truth: "It will not be too much to say of it that it had a material effect upon the manners of the Americans of the day, and that that effect has been fully appreciated by them. No observer was certainly ever less qualified to judge of the prospects or even of the happiness of a young people. No one could have been worse adapted by nature for the task of learning whether a nation was in a way to thrive. Whatever she saw she judged, as most women do, from her own standing-point. If a thing were ugly to her eyes, it ought to be ugly to all eyes—and if ugly, it must be bad. What though people had plenty to eat and clothes to wear, if they put their feet upon the tables and did not reverence their betters? Americans were to her rough, uncouth, and vulgar—and she told them so."

The history of Mrs. Trollope's relations with America and the Americans has about a smack of romance. She was unquestionably a "strong-minded woman," with great resources in her own person; and so in 1828, when she had been married nearly twenty years, and was the mother of a large family of children, finding the fortunes of the family becoming almost hopeless, but coming about that time into possession of a small patrimony, she determined to make a desperate effort to retrieve them by a commercial venture in America. She selected Cincinnati as the place for her enterprize, and choosing a location quite outside of the business portion of the city she first erected a large and showy

building, and then filled it with a rather expensive and flashy class of dry goods. The sequel of the story need not be told; only one result was possible—failure—and with that the dashing of her last hope. Three or four years later she returned to England, a poorer and a wiser woman, leaving her "Bazaar," which for a long time remained unused, and which was known by the unappreciative Cincinnatians as "Trollope's Folly," as the only local memorial of her career among them. Mrs. Trollope's work on America, written soon after her return, though she had never before attempted authorship, proved a remarkable success, especially on the financial side, and so served to rescue the family from complete financial ruin. Of her character and subsequent career her son writes:

"Book followed book immediately—first two novels, and then a book on Belgium and Western Germany. She refurnished the house which I have called Orley Farm, and surrounded us again with moderate comforts. Of the mixture of joviality and industry which formed her character it is almost impossible to speak with exaggeration. The industry was a thing apart, kept to herself. It was not necessary that any one who lived with her should see it. She was at her table at four in the morning, and had finished her work before the world had begun to be aroused. But the joviality was all for others. She could dance with other people's legs, eat and drink with other people's palates, be proud with the lustre of other people's finery. Every mother can do that for her own daughters; but she could do it for any girl whose look and voice and manners pleased her. Even when she was at work, the laughter of those she loved was a pleasure to her. She had much, very much to suffer. Work sometimes came hard to her, so much being required—for she was extravagant, and liked to have money to spend; but of all people I have known she was the most joyous, or, at any rate, the most capable of joy."

Anthony Trollope, the novelist, was the third son of the woman who has been thus referred to, and his autobiography, written several years before his death, and found among his papers, is the source from which our facts are chiefly derived. In preparing it he seems to have adopted the rule for judicial oaths—to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth"—though the second point must here, as indeed always, be taken with certain qualifications. His account of his childhood and youth is to the last degree painful, and not entirely without disgusting elements. The family was poor and without capacity for self-help. The father, though evidently a cultivated gentleman, was as to all pecuniary affairs a "ne'er-do-well," and just as their affairs had reached their lowest depression

he died. Their poverty was all the more burdensome because their social position made it necessary for them to refuse any means of relief except such as might be compatible with their gentility. The sons must be sent to school, and in due time go to the University, and after that study for professions, or else find places in the public service; and for the necessary expenses of all this the only resource was the prolific pen of his mother and her indomitable energy. Young Anthony spent his childhood and youth, from seven to nineteen, as a schoolboy, with what results he tells us:

"When I left Harrow I was all but nineteen, and I had first gone there at seven. During the whole of those twelve years no attempt had been made to teach me anything but Latin and Greek, and very little attempt to teach me those languages. I do not remember any lessons either in writing or arithmetic. French and German I certainly was not taught. The assertion will scarcely be credited, but I do assert that I have no recollection of other tuition except that in the dead languages.

"There were twelve years of tuition in which I do not remember that I ever knew a lesson! When I left Harrow I was nearly at the top of the school, being a monitor, and, I think, the seventh boy. This position I achieved by gravitation upwards. I bear in mind well with how prodigal a hand prizes used to be showered about—but I never got a prize."

The accounts of his miseries through poverty and insults from both his tutors and his fellow scholars, heightened by his own indolence and ill temper, need not be repeated; and though perhaps true enough, they might as well have remained untold.

He left the preparatory school, but without any adequate preparation for entering either of the universities, and without any prospect of being able to meet its pecuniary cost. His collegiate career was therefore given up. And then what next? After several abortive efforts in various directions a place was at length secured, through family favors, in the General Post-office. Of the changed state of his affairs he writes after this fashion:

"My salary was to be £90 a year, and on that I was to live in London, keep up my character as a gentleman and be happy. That I should have thought this possible at the age of nineteen, and should have been delighted at being able to make the attempt, does not surprise me now; but that others should have thought it possible, friends who knew something of the world, does astonish me. A lad might have done so, no doubt, or might do so even in these days, who was properly looked after and kept under control, on whose behalf some law of life had been laid down. Let him pay so much a week for his board and lodging, so much for his clothes, so much for his washing, and then let him understand that he has—shall we say?—sixpence a day left for pocket-money and omnibuses. Any one making the calculation will find the sixpence far too much. No such calculation was made for me or by me. It was supposed that a sufficient income had been secured to me, and that I should live upon it as other clerks lived."

His story of his examination for the office is brimful of grim humor. His writing was a mass of blots, his spelling all wrong, and he was wholly unskilled in the profundities of the multiplication table. But he was sent there to be admitted, and he was accordingly passed, and initiated into the mysteries of his new calling; and from that time, through seven long years of horrors, he was a post-office clerk in London. How he

lived during these years he sums up in a single sweeping paragraph:

"I came up to town, as I said before, purposeing to live a jolly life upon £90 per annum. I remained seven years in the General Post-office, and when I left it my income was £140. During the whole of this time I was hopelessly in debt. There were two intervals, amounting together to nearly two years, in which I lived with my mother, and therefore lived in comfort—but even then I was overwhelmed with debt. She paid much for me—paid all that I asked her to pay, and all that she could find out that I owed. But who in such a condition ever tells all and makes a clean breast of it? The debts, of course, were not large, but I cannot think now how I could have lived, and sometimes have enjoyed life, with such a burden of duns as I endured. Sheriff's officers, with uncanny documents, of which I never understood anything, were common attendants on me. And yet I do not remember that I was ever locked up, though I think I was twice a prisoner. In such emergencies some one paid for me. And now, looking back at it, I have to ask myself whether my youth was very wicked."

How he made his escape from this place of torture, he tells in brief: "When I had been nearly seven years in the secretary's office of the post-office, always hating my position there, and yet always fearing that I should be dismissed from it, there came a way of escape. There had latterly been created in the service a new body of officers called surveyors' clerks. There were at that time seven surveyors in England, two in Scotland, and three in Ireland. To each of these officers a clerk had been lately attached, whose duty it was to travel about the country under the surveyor's orders. There had been much doubt among the young men in the office whether they should or should not apply for these places. The emoluments were good and the work alluring; but there was at first supposed to be something derogatory in the position. . . . I was at the time in dire trouble, having debts on my head and quarrels with our secretary-colonel, and a full conviction that my life was taking me downwards to the lowest pits. So I went to the colonel boldly, and volunteered for Ireland if he would send me. He was glad to be so rid of me, and I went. This happened in August, 1841, when I was twenty-six years old. My salary in Ireland was to be but £100 a year; but I was to receive fifteen shillings a day for every day that I was away from home, and sixpence for every mile that I traveled. The same allowances were made in England; but at that time traveling in Ireland was done at half the English prices. My income in Ireland, after paying my expenses, became at once £400. This was the first good fortune of my life."

The change was simply an emancipation, and the beginning of a new life. His freedom from debt and surveillance; his outdoor life and the superiority of his position among his official associates all united to develop the better qualities of his character, which had hitherto been repressed and kept dormant. He liked the Irish and they liked him; for, even in the working classes, he found much to delight him, and quite different from the corresponding class in England. He joined in their revels; he learned to ride and to hunt; and he got married, but to an English lady, and he began to write novels—a calling to which he had looked forward from boyhood, but which till now had been impracticable. In 1847 he found a publisher—Mr. Newbury, of London—for his first adventure. "The Macdermots of Ballyclarron, and a year later "The Kelleys and the O'Kelleys" followed. They were both works of but

little literary value, and they proved precariously unprofitable alike to the author and his publishers. "The Wardens" and "Barchester Towns" appeared in 1855-7, and so far these secured the notice of English novel readers, that the name of their author began to be known in literary circles. These two productions, though each was complete in itself, were somewhat related to each other in respect to both places and persons. Borseshire, of which Barchester was the shire town, was his own creation pure and simple—an English county, within which he found places and opportunities for his characters to display themselves, and thoroughly did he work up the subject in some half-dozen or more of his novels. He declares that he came to thoroughly understand its geography, and was able, with the aid of the map which he constructed, to locate its roads and places, and its public and private buildings; and that he became well acquainted with its chief inhabitants whom he brought to do service in his novels.

"Doctor Thorn" appeared in 1848, and in it he for the first time displayed his full power as a writer of fiction. It is located in Borseshire and is concerned with its people, with whom the reader becomes fairly acquainted, for they are marvellously like men and women made of flesh and blood. The Borseshire novels were the three already named—that is: "The Warden," "Barchester Towns," and "Doctor Thorn," and after these came "Fromly Parsonage," and "The Last Chronicle of Borseshire," of which the first appeared in 1855 and the last in 1867. In all of them the same characters appear, though not always with the same prominence, and as they appear from time to time, the reader recognizes them as old acquaintances, and usually agreeable ones; and in two or three others of his novels the Borseshire characters come into view again. These novels are altogether natural as sketches of English country life, sufficiently so to have been veritable chronicles, and the characters are wonderfully life-like, and such as do not compel the reader to despise them and to feel himself degraded by their company while reading. The traits of character brought out, if less sustained than may be found elsewhere, are nearly always wholesome, and the persons, though not all saints and heroes, are certainly not the basest nor the meanest of mankind, and the lessons taught—which are never obtruded—are of a decidedly healthy, moral tone, according to the standard of English novel readers.

The whole number of Mr. Trollope's distinct works, not counting his shorter pieces published in the magazines and newspapers, amounts to nearly fifty, or if counted by volumes, to over a hundred. The aggregate of payments received by him in a little over twenty years was about \$350,000. "The Bertrams" followed "Doctor Thorn," and has some of the same characters. The author gave it the preference and seems dissatisfied with the public decision against it. "Orley Farm" was drawn from the homestead which his mother provided for the family after his removal to Ireland, but at which he was sometimes a privileged guest. Some of his works, like "The West Indies," "North America," and "Australia and New Zealand," are books of travel, accounts of his observations made during visits to the places named, with facts and statistics and opinions—fairly good books of their kind, but not better than many others by less celebrated writers. His "Cesar" is a historical and classic study. In a slight degree, Mr. Trollope endeavored to introduce a didactic element into his novels, but this purpose was always subordinated to the requirements of the proprieties of the novel, and yet a moral tendency may be detected in nearly all his works—not elevated,

certainly not altogether Christian, but still relatively wholesome. He was specifically an Englishman, loving fair play, yet not absolutely unselfish, of unimpeachable morality, as the world estimates these things. In politics he was both a Liberal and Conservative, though in his party affiliations he was with the former. In religion he was, of course, of the Church of England, though as anything specifically Christian, one might search in vain for any real intimation of a religious belief. Probably he had none, for both his writings and his manner of life so indicate. And yet, as compared with some other great novelists of his time, his works are peculiarly unexceptionable.

Mr. Trollope's methods of writing were peculiar, and such as scarcely any other could have practiced. He seems never to have "read up" or *crammed*, nor did he form his plots in his mind from the beginning; but having fixed on a drift of thought he began writing, shaping his plans and subjects as he proceeded, and he seldom stopped to review or correct till all was completed, and so clearly had he conceived the characters of his chief persons that they always spoke and acted in keeping with themselves. He determined the extent of each work before it was begun, even to the number of words, and he almost never varied to any considerable extent from the limits he had set. It was his rule to write a given amount, measured by the number of words, and to make each hour produce its proper allotment, two hundred and fifty words (not rapid writing), and four hours a day, which was usually done before he dressed for his breakfast at nine o'clock. This was much less than some other and less prolific writers have done, and less than he sometimes did among specially favorable circumstances, or when driven by the printers, and he did this seven days in a week (he regularly wrote on Sundays), and, unless hindered by other and imperative business, fifty-two weeks in each year; and so as he had done his work as early each day as most men of like official positions were ready to begin theirs, he was able to dispatch a full share of the required post-office work. He evidently had a genius for hard work—he claimed no other except common sense; and yet during the season for that sport, he was accustomed to devote two days each week to fox-hunting, an amusement for which he seems to have had a mania, and also to have been pre-eminently ill adapted. His own rendering of the case is in this wise: "The cause of my delight in the amusement I have never been able to analyze to my own satisfaction. In the first place, even now I know very little about hunting—though I know very much of the accessories of the field. I am too blind to see hounds turning, and cannot therefore tell whether the fox has gone this way or that. Indeed all the notice I take of hounds is not to ride over them. My eyes are so constituted that I can never see the nature of a fence. I either follow some one, or ride at it with the full conviction that I may be going into a horse-pond or a gravel-pit. I have jumped into both one and the other. I am very heavy, and have never ridden expensive horses. I am also now old for such work, being so stiff that I cannot get on to my horse without the aid of a block or a bank. But I ride still after the same fashion, with a boy's energy, determined to get ahead if it may possibly be done, hating the roads, despising young men who ride them, and with a feeling that life cannot, with all her riches, have given me anything better than when I have gone through a long run to the finish, keeping a place, not of glory, but of credit, among my juniors."

Respecting his manner of writing he gives a para-

graph in his autobiography that deserves the very careful consideration of all writers for the press, and scarcely less of all intelligent readers, which, notwithstanding its length, shall be given in full. It is :

"Rapid writing will, no doubt, give rise to inaccuracy—chiefly because the ear, quick and true as may be its operation, will occasionally break down under pressure, and before a sentence be closed will forget the nature of the composition with which it was commenced. A singular nominative will be disgraced by a plural verb, because other pluralities have intervened, and have tempted the ear into plural tendencies. Tautologies will occur, because the ear in demanding fresh emphasis has forgotten that the desired force has been already expressed. I need not multiply these causes of error, which must have been stumbling-blocks indeed when men wrote in the long sentences of Gibbon, but which Macaulay, with his multiplicity of divisions, has done so much to enable us to avoid. A rapid writer will hardly avoid these errors altogether. Speaking of myself, I am ready to declare that, with much training, I have been unable to avoid them. But the writer for the press is rarely called upon—a writer of books should never be called upon—to send his manuscript hot from his hand to the printer. It has been my practice to read everything four times at least—thrice in manuscript and once in print. Very much of my work I have read twice in print. In spite of this I know that inaccuracies have crept through—"not single spies, but in battalions." From this I gather that the supervision has been insufficient, not that the work itself has been done too fast. I am quite sure that those passages which have been written with the greatest stress of labor, and consequently with the greatest haste, have been the most effective, and by no means the most inaccurate."

In not a few English novels members of the clerical profession—bishops, deacons, rectors and curates—are often brought into view, and they are usually exhibited in disadvantageous positions; and of this kind of work Mr. Trollope did his full share. In his *Borsetshire* society, whose members appear and re-appear so frequently, are some of nearly all these clerical grades, with whom the reader becomes acquainted, and though never to execrate them as base hypocrites, nor usually to despise them as weaklings, yet often to pity them on account of the disabilities imposed on them, and to tolerate rather than respect them. This manner of treating the "cloth" was evidently not the result of

purposed or conscious ill-will; but he wrote as he felt, for while respecting the "estate" as one of the integral elements of English society, he evidently conceived of it such a character and such relations as to originate in his unstudied feelings sentiments quite the opposite of reverent. He recognized this in one of his letters (his correspondence has not been, and it is said is not to be published—a most judicious determination) when writing from a country rectory, which he occupied for a few weeks in the absence of the incumbent. He begins: "That I, who have belittled so many clergymen, should ever come to live in a parsonage!" But he was seldom openly malignant, nor especially offensively patronizing; but an undercurrent of disfavor, and even of suppressed contempt, is easy to be detected. He was a man of the world, and affected nothing more. His single expression of faith and hope, at the end of his *Autobiography* (which is more than is found in all of his former writings) contains a good deal less than was sometimes expressed by many an old heathen—Greek or Roman: "For what remains to me of life I trust for my happiness still chiefly to my work—hoping, that when the power of work be over with me, God may be pleased to take me from a world in which, according to my view, there can be no joy; secondly, to the love of those who love me; and then, to my books. That I can read, and be happy while I am reading, is a great blessing."

Anthony Trollope was specifically a novelist; for though he was at the same time a laborious public official and a man of pleasure, yet he was pre-eminently a writer of fiction. Into that guild he came of his own right, without patronage or special favors from any source. The publishers issued his earliest works simply as ventures, and at length the public recognized his merits, after which he wrote on, and both the trade and the reader awarded him the appreciation that he most desired. Writing simultaneously with Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot, he compelled a public recognition, in many things equal to either of them; and as to both their style, and their moral and intellectual tendencies, his writings are quite as unexceptionable. Probably his works will not be much read after the present century; but as to positive evil influences they have been eminently unobjectionable, and while they are not to be praised as specifically teachers of morality, their result, as a whole, has been good rather than evil.

DANIEL CURRY.

THE WISE BELLS.

On a sunny Sabbath morning,
Forth two messengers were sped,
That the bells be set a-ringing;
One to say, in chime and singing,
A fair maiden is to wed;
One to say, with knell and moaning,
A fair maiden lieth dead.
By mischance the stupid servants
Went not whither they were bade;
But each where was sent the other.
One said: "Ring the bells right glad

For a bridal." Said the other:
"For the dead ring slow and sad."
So it chanced that at the bridal,
All turned pale to hear the bell;
While the gladsome wedding chiming
'Mid the dirge discordant fell;
But the angels hearing, whispered,
"In the chimes and in the knells:
Wisdom, more than man could teach ye,
Did you speak to-day, O bells!"

MILLIE C. POMEROY.

UP THE CREEK.

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

HIGH noon in the little harbor. The sunlight quivered along the water, and leaped in restless flashes from every dancing wave. The gray-sailed, yellow-masted fisher-craft tugged at their anchors lazily, and cast slowly-shifting shadows upon the bottom and upon the water and upon the rusty, weatherbeaten boats that nestled under their quarters, or were veered out at a distance from their black hulls.

Down beneath the surface quaint crabs sidled about with spidery limbs, nipping right and left at whatever seemed edible, an ancient lobster hunted about for his favorite food, and a five-fingered star-fish slid off from the old anchor on which it was taking a rest and swam away up the creek beyond the vessels with a slow creeping motion, like the movement of the sun's shadow on a dial. It was a famous place for oysters up that creek, and the star was fond of oysters. He had a habit of wrapping his arms around the shell of one and breathing upon it, and when the oyster opened his door the star would then calmly eat him out of house and home, holding on with his countless feet like another old man of the sea upon the neck of Sinbad. It was uncomfortable for the oyster, to be sure, but that was not the star's lookout. He was happy enough, as very selfish people often are so long as nothing crosses them; but when the flounder tried to dine off of the star it was not so pleasant, and it spoiled his appetite for a long time. He said that he had dyspepsia; but we know that it was flounder. A scallop advised more exercise, and showed him how it was done, skipping along the water like a flat stone by sharply closing his shells; but the star said that he was brain-weary and troubled with sleeplessness; that he was blue, and needed a vacation. So he took it.

Fish are said to be good food for brain-workers, though some say just the contrary. But all agree that brain-workers are not good food for the fishes, so the flounder ought to be grateful for missing his intended dinner; but he wasn't. Very few people are grateful for hidden blessings, and the flounder had rather have eaten the star-fish and taken the risk; but the star was quite content with the existing state of affairs.

It was very bright and sunny, as I have said, and the sea was all a-sparkle. The little breezes darted across it in zigzag streaks of blue as the star-fish journeyed on beneath the surface, and a broad belt of sunlight rested on the water and reached out past the long point with the lighthouse clear to the horizon, while on the bars the slate-colored gulls preened themselves in the warm beams and sidled together with flapping wings, crying "Kittiwake, Kittiwake," without saying a word to tell who Kitty was. But we who are in the secret know, and so did the star-fish, who kept on his way up the creek without a turn to the right or left.

The bottom was sandy, and dotted with periwinkles, and once he stopped and ate one for refreshment. The winkle objected to that, but the star was abstracted and wrapped up in his own thoughts, and had not time to think of the happiness of others, which was one reason for his own unhappiness. He had not yet learned the best use of his eyes, although he had five, one on the end of each finger. Neither had he any eye for scenery. But the gulls had, and one of them came sailing down the winding creek, looking at the tall banks of grass that

hedged it in for miles, around whose tall stems the tide ebbs and flows forever, for it is really a salt marsh, only it looks so green and firm when at a distance that people call it the "Meadow," and the creek winds through it slowly down to the sea.

The gull looked down at the traveled star as though he would like to scrape acquaintance with him, but the star-fish declined to be interviewed, and hurried on so fast and feverishly that the gull looked after him in a pitying way and said, meditatively, "Kittiwake," and then sailed slowly on, wondering what was the use of all that haste, unaware that the nerves of brain-weary people are wound up in such a way that the more weary they are the faster they work, till at last they reach the invisible limit, and the chain snaps with the strain, and they are—free! I do not know, nor do they, for the rest of life is but a dream to them; and other people look sad and say, "A fine mind gone to wreck." They would not say that of a star-fish, so he had not the consolation of expecting their pity in advance. But he did not mind that, for he knew what he wanted.

A beautiful boat used often to come up the creek, and the star-fish knew it; so did the periwinkles, but not so well. He remembered well the first time that it had come, when a thin, brown little face with big black eyes leaned over the stern and demanded if that was one of the sky-stars down beneath.

But that was long ago. The boat had been rebuilt more than once, and the little girl had grown older, and her keen eyes softer, and the voice more musical, but her hand which she dabbled in the water seemed always to be the same slender little toy.

There was a time, a long time, when she did not come; and they missed the daily shadow floating down above them with the drifting tide, and when she did return the face was thinner than before, and the hand was almost transparent in its whiteness; there was another face with her then also; stronger looking, bearded, sharp-eyed, with an uncomfortable habit of scanning the bottom in a hawk-like way, and now and then plunging a long handled dip-net into the depths at whatever caught his fancy. It was curious, too, that whatever went into that net was rarely seen again around there, although they sometimes reappeared some distance up or down the creek, with but a highly confused account to give of themselves as to how they came there; so the boat gradually acquired a bad name among the inhabitants of the creek. The star had hoped that the net would not come this day, but it did. That was how the star had a curious experience. He was lifted out of water without the least warning, and dropped into a can. The can was filled with good, clear sea-water, but it was cramped and close for all that, and the man who had caught him held him up to view in a most uncomfortable way, and discussed his looks and personal appearance without the least regard for his feelings. In fact, he delivered an *impromptu* lecture in natural science with the star for a subject, and traced his descent back through the tertiaries to the protoplasm. That was not so bad; and the star began to feel proud of having such a long line of ancestry to look back at and dream of, and determined to give himself a few more airs of importance when he returned to his native haunts again,

if ever he did return, for he was beginning to be a bit uneasy at the prospect.

He felt kindly toward the man, however; even though the poor thing had no grandfather that was anybody; for the man had said so himself, and laughed a little as he said it. That was why the star first began to pity, and then to take more notice of his captor; and he learned that he was a young scientist who had as yet made no name in the world, and was working hard to get a chance to show the world what he was good for. The star didn't know what a scientist was, but he felt sorry just the same, and listened to hear more.

"If I only could," he was saying, and then he stopped.

"Never mind, it will come sometime, and I—we shall all be so proud of you," said the girl, and although the star did not see it, yet the color flushed up in her face suddenly like the stealthy glow of the northern lights in a winter night.

"Shall you? Then will I!" and they both laughed, because of the lack of apparent reason or anything to laugh at, and in the midst of it the can fell overboard and the star-fish with it. But the gulls said that they knew all about the scientist; and they told themselves that he soon after found a situation on a vessel belonging to the government that was studying up the matter of how to make two cod-fish bite where one did before, and to find new kinds of fish for food for people that could not afford cod-fish; and he was so busy at that work, and so earnest, that he did not find time to row up the creek again for many another day, and when he did, the same quiet lady was with him who had been the little girl so long ago.

The gulls said, afterward, that they went clear up to the end of the creek, landed, climbed the bluff and sat, looking out at the blue sea beyond the sandspit and at the white sails fading in the haze that hung low upon the horizon. The gulls were great busybodies, and wheeled and hovered overhead for a long time, trying

to make out what they said to each other, and cried "Kittiwake!" when they found that they could not understand. They also said that a gossip found sand in the boat when it returned that night to the wharves, and told of it around among the girls of the village, which has only two real streets, that curve in a semicircle around the line of shore; so every one knows every other body's business there, or think he does, which is much the same thing.

But that was what happened later, and meanwhile the scientist and the lady sat and talked of many things not all of which was science, until the sun gave a great murky glow from the haze and shot a warm beam right down from the far horizon upon the two.

Then one said: "A good omen, Kitty."

And then he felt the sudden chill of nightfall and spread a shawl carefully over the other's shoulders, saying, playfully, "Come, Kitty—wake."

They stood up together in the glow of sunset on the brow of the dune, while he told rapidly some things which he had forgotten to explain about his future, and promotion, and unromantic money-matters, to all of which she gave a sympathetic and uncomprehending ear, satisfied to know that he understood it, and then they went down the bluff, like children, hand-in-hand.

It was dusky in the creek now, and the grasses rustled and whispered against the gunwale as they softly brushed it, and cast deep shadows. There were other whispers as the two drifted down with the tide, and faint sounds not definable save by vocal speech. But what they were, or what was said, no other was there to know. They were happy and oblivious to time.

The gulls had gone to rest, and only the star-fish was uneasy. He alone was not contented, for he had forgotten why he had come there, wanted to know why they had, and was chilled by the cold of coming winter and an egotistical heart. So he grew crabbed, and the world forgot him.

THE AFTER-DINNER ORATOR.

HE sits amid the social throng,
A gloomy, silent man;
He scarcely once has spoke or smiled
Since first the feast began;
He seems a sufferer under some
Mysterious, cruel ban.

The soup has passed untasted by—
It was not to his wish;
He takes no interest in the plate
That bears a piece of fish;
The same is subsequently true
Of every other dish.

In vain the lady at his side
Her kindness would display;
He blankly looks her in the face,
And nothing has to say,
Or answers, if he speaks at all,
Some inappropriate way.

The band strikes up a merry tune;
It only makes him groan!
A voice of mocking laughter seems
To sound in every tone:
"He! he!" remarks the fiendish flute.
"Ho! ho!" the deep trombone!

A speaker rises now to speak
With eloquence and wit:
His every word draws smiles or tears,
Or thunders after it;
That writhing man in agony
More dreadful seems to sit!

Each moment his sad spirit seems
In deeper depths to sink:
He fain would take a glass of wine;
But no! he may not drink!
He mutters, "Wine is not a friend
To thought; and I must think!"

O Memory, mother of the Muse!
How dear art thou to each!
And what a woe invades the soul
When thou art out of reach!
This hapless wretch has got to speak,
And has forgot his speech!

But Fate will never pause for Woe;
And Fate, in accents grim
That issue from the chairman's lips,
Soon makes a call for him—
As if the table were a stream,
The faces seem to swim!

He feels more like to drown than swim;
 He clutches at a chair;
 With trembling fingers he essays
 To smooth his startled hair,
 And then, with all his might and main,
 Assumes an easy air!

He says he would have been prepared
 If they had let him know;
 But catching here the chairman's eye
 He lets that statement go,
 And says the chairman is his friend,
 If he may call him so!

He pauses; and to pass the time
 Repeats again the same;
 He glows, but not with heat produced,
 By the right kind of flame;
 For inspiration he has yearned,
 And perspiration came.

Ah, yes! that story that had seemed
 So humorous to him erst!
 He tells it, leaving out the point

And putting wrong end first;
 Of all the failures of the night,
 Methinks this is the worst!

The kindly listeners say, "Hear! hear!"
 When he is most distressed;
 And where his story's point should be
 As near as can be guessed,
 They spread a laugh, like charity,
 That covers all the rest.

At last he takes his seat. But lo!
 What wondrous change is this?
 He smiles, he sips, he chats, he seems
 No chance of mirth to miss;
 In short, the late unhappy man
 Is beaming now with bliss!

Unto his lady's soft remarks
 He gaily answers back.
 Says she, "A dinner-speech must be
 A torture, like the rack!"
 "Oh, no!" says he, "it's not so hard,
 When once you have the knack!"

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

THE SYSTEM NOT DESIGNED TO BE PERMANENT.

It has already been intimated that this system of aid to common school education is not intended to become a permanent feature of our government. The circumstances which now imperiously demand such action, are altogether anomalous. As has been shown, ignorance, except in the sixteen states and the territory named, has not assumed any such serious proportions as to demand the attention or interference of the general government. Even in the great cities of the North, where its strength is constantly augmented by importations, it does not require the aid of government to render it innocuous, since those communities are abundantly able to cope with it themselves. Their wealth, well established school systems, and the absence of that peculiar distinction of race and previous condition, which so complicates all questions of this character in the Southern states, all tend to render the Northern states not only able to grapple with this evil themselves, but to give of their abundance to aid in eradicating it at the South. The movement is simply designed to establish a safe equilibrium—to reduce the illiteracy of the South to a limit where it may safely be left to the states to hold it in check thereafter. This fact is not only undeniable, but constitutes the sole reason for such action. It is not because it is the South, nor for the benefit of the negro, but simply because a remarkable concatenation of events has produced an anomalous condition of affairs which demands governmental aid in order to avoid danger to the Republic. This fact, however, constitutes the chief ground of opposition to this measure at the North. The *New York Tribune* and several other journals which are wont to range themselves on the side of the broadest equity and the highest right, strangely enough have been inclined to look with disfavor upon this movement which so peculiarly unites the claims of sound policy, a broad humanity and the most exalted justice. "There is no good reason," says one of these journals, "why the

people of the North should be taxed to educate the illiteracy of the South." "The North should be taxed to educate the illiteracy of the South," because the intelligence of the North dare not leave the power that elects more than seventy-five per cent of a majority in the Senate, in the House, and in the Electoral College, in the hands of a constituency *thirty-seven per cent of whom cannot read their ballots.*

This idea has already been elaborated from the standpoint of the patriot and the legislator. Suppose we consider it for a moment from the standpoint of a partisan. Taking the present House of Representatives as the test, and in this respect it is a fair one, we shall find more than seventy per cent of the Democratic majority coming from the sixteen former slave states, while practically all of the Republican representation is from the section north of old Mason and Dixon's line. In other words, the Democratic party draws its strength from the region where illiteracy prevails, and the Republican party from the section where general intelligence reduces the ratio of illiteracy to a single figure in the column of percentage. This distinction will appear still more striking if we take the cities of the North in which Democratic majorities are found and add their array of illiterates to those of the Southern constituencies. Yet it is true that the Democratic party contains by far the larger part of the intelligence of the South, and that an equally great proportion of the illiteracy there is Republican in its political predilections. So that while the fund would be expended in states having a Democratic representation more than half of it would go to the instruction of pupils inheriting Republican proclivities. This singular adjustment of the benefits to be derived from the fund ought of itself to stop the mouth of any partisan cavalier of either party.

But this is only the stepping-stone to another point of view, one glance from which should be sufficient to

make every Republican blush to think that any of his party associates should raise the objection that has been offered. This party has always claimed as its chiefest glory the freeing of the slave. Whatever controversy there may be in regard to this achievement, there can be none in regard to the enfranchisement of the freedmen. That was unquestionably the act and deed of the Republican party. The South was at that time unrepresented in the government, and the Democratic minority was so small as to be practically not worth considering. But in Congress and out of it, at the South and at the North, that party did its utmost to prevent the enfranchisement of the recently emancipated black. Not only the Republican party, but the Republican party of the North alone are responsible for this extension of the franchise. At that time the Democratic party of the whole country and especially the great mass of the white people of the South, protested that the enfranchisement of such a mass of ignorance was a measure fraught with the utmost peril, not merely to the states in which it was to be found, but also to the whole country. In the face of this unanimous and indignant protest of their opponents, the Republicans of the North conferred the elective franchise upon a million colored voters at the South. Whatever danger threatens the country through the ignorance or weakness of the Southern colored voter, for that the people of the North and the Republican party of the North are alone responsible.

It is not intended by this to impeach the policy of enfranchisement. The author has never doubted either the policy, the justice or the necessity of that measure. If properly supplemented, with the opportunity for intelligence and a chance to fit himself for the discharge of his new duties, the enfranchisement of the freedman was a measure bound to approve to all time the wisdom of those who conceived it. Without such supplemental legislation, without the opportunity to fit himself for the duties of citizenship, the enfranchised freedman is sure to become a terror to the power which thrust the sword into his hands. The North stoutly denied that this was done as a punishment for the crime of rebellion and insisted that it was adopted as a measure of wise statesmanship, in due consideration of the public weal, as an act of justice and humanity. Admitting all this, it must still be apparent that the enfranchisement of this vast mass of ignorance was the work of the North alone, and for *this reason*, if for no other, the North should be willing and glad to pay its due proportion of the cost of curing this dangerous mass of ignorance. If enfranchisement was an error, it is certainly the duty of those who effected it to render it as harmless as possible. If it be not an error, it is still their duty to see to it that their judgment and their patriotism are justified of its fruits.

There is another reason why the people of the North should do this thing. The ignorance of the South, both white and colored, is the fruit of slavery. For this institution the whole nation is responsible. Every part of the country united to uphold and perpetuate its powers. The whole country, shared, too, in its advantages. The North spun and wove the staple on which it based its claim to power. If Cotton was King, as it no doubt was of the commercial world in those days before our internal lines of communication opened up our Western lands and their grosser products to the use of commerce, the Northern merchants and manufacturers were his favored subjects. The products of slave labor were of enormous value to the nation. During the first half of the century a vast preponderance of our export

value was of Southern origin. We relied almost entirely, as a nation, upon cotton, tobacco and naval stores to keep down the balance against us in our account with the rest of the world. Because of this all our commercial centers were, until the very last moment, opposed to any intermeddling with this institution. New York was just as thoroughly pro-slavery until the very outbreak of war, as New Orleans, and for the same reason. Its continuance meant profit. To disturb its security was to disorganize and destroy all established financial ideas and relations.

Besides this, it should not be forgotten that of ultimate profit the North received quite as large a share from slavery as the South. The slave-owner invested his savings in slaves, who finally walked away and left him with nothing to show for his economy. The profit which the North derived from the institution was of the kind that stuck by the possessor. By means of the tariff the Northern manufacturer had a protected and assured market at his elbow. Not only did Northern enterprise find its reward in handling the products of that section, but the fact of slavery excluded itself, manufacturers therefrom, and the handworkers of the North grew rich in supplying the needs of the South. Because we shared with the South the error, or the crime, as we may choose to name it; because we participated in its profits, favored its extension, and protected by our laws its existence, for these reasons the North ought in common justice to share the burden of curing the evil which Slavery entailed on black and white alike.

There is another reason why every Republican should scorn to oppose such a measure. The enfranchisement of the negro was not only a party measure, but a measure inspired by the necessity of self-preservation. It was one of the moves designed to counteract the results of Andrew Johnson's apostasy. At the time the final step was taken the balance hung in even scale. The result of the presidential contest that was soon to occur was extremely doubtful. To make all sure it was decided to enfranchise the negro, exclude a considerable class of the recently rebellious whites from participation in the struggle, and by rushing the "reconstructed" states into the Union to create, as it were, a majority which no faction could hope to overcome. By this means the election of the Republican nominee was rendered certain, provided the army could be relied on to secure an undisturbed election at the South. Grant was made the candidate. On the third of July, 1868, before the first of the fall elections was held, the newly erected states began to come in one after another with their assured majorities, and the Republican party was saved from defeat.

In their mad haste to secure their own ascendancy, however, the Republicans had neglected to provide for the safety of its allies. When, therefore, the wealth and intelligence of the South, yet smarting with the chagrin that always follows on defeat, banded together to overthrow the power of ignorance and poverty, they found the statal walls they had builded with such inconsiderate haste to protect themselves from assault had become already a bulwark to their assailants. There were some feeble efforts to protect the rights of their majorities, who by the facts of antecedent life were unable to protect themselves, but, almost from the first, they seemed anxious to disown all responsibility for the result of their own action. The cry of "Bloody shirt," and the jeering of their opponents, soon proved too much for the good faith of the Republican party, and very soon the poor weaklings on whose shoulders it had heaped the weight of empire,

were left to fight their battles alone. Still faithful to the party which had entrusted them with power, they rallied to its support in the face of unexampled odds, and saved it from disaster again in 1876, only to find themselves again abandoned and disowned by those whose strength had been succored by their weakness. That any Republican should object to sacrifice and expenditure for the benefit of friends who have served them so well and suffered so much for devotion to their party affiliation seems absolutely inconceivable. To do so, is not only to give the lie to all the loud professions of the party in favor of humanity, equality and intelligence, but also to declare himself insensible even to the ordinary instinct which stands by a faithful friend. No Republican can antagonize this measure without trampling under foot not only the traditions but the explicit pledges of his party.

In like manner, the Democrat will also find himself estopped by the record of his party upon this question. A few, it is true, have stubbornly stood upon the color line and declared that no negro, however intelligent and upright, ought to be entrusted with the elective franchise. As a whole, however, the party has never placed itself on the exalted ground which claims this as a white man's government and excludes the negro from all chance or prospect of participating in its control. On the contrary, it has based its opposition to the Republican policy on the total unfitness of the recently emancipated, illiterate and unpractised freedman for the discharge of this momentous public trust. Standing upon this ground, no Democrat can logically offer objection to any measure designed in any degree to remove this unfitness. Whether the enfranchisement of the negro was an act of splendid statesmanship or sublime folly, there can be no question that whatever tends to substitute intelligence for ignorance on their part will either enhance the brilliancy of that statesmanship or lessen the danger to be apprehended from that act of folly.

Aside from all these considerations, however, there is one which should appeal to every man, whether a partisan or not. It is this: There is no question of the desirability of enlightening this mass of ignorance and the states in which it exists are unable to perform this great work alone, no matter how well inclined they may be to undertake it. Sometimes we hear the peevish

objection made when the impoverishment of the South is referred to, that it is time this plea were abandoned. "Eighteen years," we are told, "ought to have restored all that the war destroyed." So it would, if that destruction had been of any ordinary kind. The gold and silver that were cast into the Confederate treasury; the crops and stocks that were destroyed; the bonds of the states that were declared worthless; the wasted fields and the barren years of war—all of these had long since been restored, and plenty and abundance again reigned in the land. Perhaps, with the new impetus given to commerce and production, the old magnificence might already have been re-established. But the false economy of the slave system came at this juncture to transform the stringency that ordinarily follows war into absolute poverty. For a hundred years slavery had treasured up its earnings in the form of slaves. *Two billions* of dollars had been invested in human chattels. Their value was equal to one-sixth of the annual valuation of the entire country. One-half the wealth of every slave state was invested in slaves; so that when war came and despoiled the residue of acquired value, as unsuccessful war always must, and then peace came and swept away an entire moiety of what they once had, it left a people poor indeed. The acquisitions of a hundred years of American activity are not to be made good in a score of years of prosperity. It is a simple truth, therefore, that the South cannot do this needful work alone. It has done more during the past decade than it ever did before. The people of the North have realized both the necessity of the work and the poverty of the people, and of their charity have given more than a million dollars a year for this purpose. Yet all has not sufficed to keep pace with the growth of illiteracy. There are more illiterates in the South to-day than at the close of the war! The people who have given so freely for the sake of the poor and the ignorant will not object to the nation doing a like good work for the sake of the whole land. Because the states cannot meet this sudden and unusual demand upon their energies, and because the work must be done lest the nation suffer are the great and overpowering reasons why the people of the North and the South, of the East and the West, should be taxed to educate the illiteracy of the South.

A. W. TOURGÉE.

THE HOUSEHOLD—TRANSITION TIME.

As the season wears to its close, the patience and spirit of the housekeeper are apt to flag.

"On every nerve, the deadly winter seizes."

The system has endured such a tension that it begs to be let down to a lower level. However much we may enjoy the keen delights of the tingling air when the spirits rise as the temperature falls, and every fibre is filled with new vigor, it is a long stretch from November till April. February and March, when changes are frequent and sudden, are generally the hardest months of the year. The whole frame feels the relaxation, and little things are apt to irritate and annoy even the hardest, while old people and puny children are peculiarly susceptible, and require to be closely watched. The larder, too, becomes exhausted. John wonders why you cannot have something new for dinner, and the children lose their appetites, take cold

readily, and look pale. You go over the store-room in a discouraged way. John declares that all your canned fruit tastes alike; the jelly is gone, the apples are withered and tasteless, and all the family are tired of made dishes.

If you are near city markets, and can afford it, there are always changes to be had. Southern vegetables and fruits are coming in, but they are deficient in flavor. What are hot-house strawberries and untimely cucumbers but a snare and a delusion? They are almost as little like the natural product of continued days of sunshine and humid showers as the wax-fruit which we used to see under bell-glasses in country parlors. They serve rather to advertise the means of the purchaser than for the purposes of eating.

But the majority of housekeepers are so far removed

from city markets as to be dependent on cellar and store-room. To those who have a garden, however tiny, a small hot-bed for lettuce and radishes affords great help to the spring bill of fare. Two sashes, each three feet by six, will give all the room needed by an ordinary family. The housekeeper can read up the mode of preparation in any gardening manual, and direct her Irish laborer in regard to its construction after the frame has been made, and the latter part of this month is late enough to make a beginning in the latitude of New York. After the seeds are sown, John or the oldest boy will take pride in opening and closing the sash and giving it water. And it adds so much to the table and is so inexpensive that, once made, it will never be dispensed with. The lettuce-leaves can be picked off the roots, which will send out shoots repeatedly for plucking; the radishes must be transplanted in April. And the house-mistress who has taken the trouble to manage a hot-bed will rejoice in spring salads daily until the time of early fruits and vegetables. Salads made from cold potatoes are an excellent relish; or from celery or cold meat or fish of any kind.

Now is the time for a variety of soups made from split-peas, beans, canned tomatoes, macaroni, potato, celery, tapioca, cabbage and vegetables. They are all easily made from the same soup-stock. For this purpose the prudent housekeeper saves all her bones and meat-trimmings, and the soup-kettle is an established institution.

She has also hidden away some of her best things till this season of drouth, and opens one after another with delight at the enjoyment in store for John. In the country the winter vegetables all need looking over to the end of removing all decay. On several occasions I have encountered odors on entering country houses foul enough to produce an epidemic. The people looked sickly and cadaverous. But the cellar and store-room, at best, often will seem stale. An occasional lemon-jelly with sauce of boiled custard, or canned strawberries or whipped cream as accompaniment, will suit John's palate, and children seldom tire of Brown Betty pudding or tapioca and apple. Of course they all like cracked or whole wheat and cream; for a change this may be sometimes cooked with dates. Graham gems are good either fresh or warmed in the oven under a wet cloth, which softens the crust. An old-fashioned New-England baked Indian pudding is not to be despised. If the milk-mush is first cooked thoroughly in a double boiler, then seasoned with part molasses and part sugar, ginger and cinnamon and a few raisins added, the dish will prove to be fit for a king—or queen. An occasional cracker pudding with a layer of jelly spread on the top after baking, and over that the whipped whites of a couple of eggs, is very toothsome. If milk is plentiful, whipped cream flavored with any kind of jelly, Bavarian cream or Charlotte Russe, is fit for any table.

After all, the head of the experienced housekeeper is a cook-book in itself. I have seen such an one serve a little salt cod-fish or chipped beef with cream and eggs in such a way that the dish was a real relish, and we left the table fully satisfied. For it is the perfection of the cooking and the manner in which the viands are put on the table, which give elegance to the meal. Napery, spotless as newly-fallen snow; dishes of graceful form and well arranged, around which cluster smiling faces—these make a dinner of herbs a place where happy hearts hold high festival. To this let each bring his or her best sallies of wit and latest anecdote; let business and care be put far out of sight, so that an entire hour can be devoted to the social feast. The mother may have had to cook the meal herself, helped by her daughter, but she puts on a fresh collar or bit of lace before coming to the table. John brushes his mind as well as his coat, while the elder children see that the younger ones are presentable, and then the meal begins, slowly, as an entertainment in which fine courtesy is the rule and never the exception.

Refined table manners mark not only good breeding but

good feeling; and whatever else in the day is to be hurried, the dinner is not. It takes time to enjoy delicate flavors, and to appreciate those dishes which ought to be real works of art, not only in order that the gastric juice may have time to thoroughly mingle with the food but that we may rise from the level of the animal to that of a higher order of being. Health, happiness, harmony, wait on our habits, which affect our mental condition more than we can well realize. Bad temper is frequently nothing but another name for indigestion. Irritability, peevishness and dyspepsia are the certain results of bolting food where the body is weary and the mind pre-occupied. Then follow hasty words, a rasping temper, gloom and fault-finding, and peace flees from the threshold. The sunniest disposition, the most affectionate heart, cannot withstand the wear of years, and two lives, which might have blended together beautifully, are sundered as far as though an ocean rolled between.

Why cannot the members of a family show to each other the same gentle courtesies as when guests are at the board? Is the happiness of those who are dear to us, less a matter of moment than that of strangers? Can we afford to peril that which is so delicate and so easily marred? The grace, the beauty, the poesy of life, can be preserved even in the privacy of home if the heads of the family so will from the beginning, that life be not cheapened or vulgarized, but that it be exalted by every observance which heightens mutual respect and consideration.

HESTER M. POOLE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"WHAT shall we do with waste-pipes, presumably stopped by collections of grease from dish-water, etc. G. M. W., Harlem, N. Y."

Hall's *Journal of Health* gives a method which has been tried by many with full success: "A simple, inexpensive method of clearing the pipe is as follows: Just before retiring at night pour into the pipe enough liquid potash lye of 36 degrees strength to fill the 'trap,' as it is called, or bent portion of the pipe just below the outlet. About a pint will suffice for a wash-stand, or a quart for a bath-tub or kitchen-sink. Be sure that no water runs into it till next morning. During the night the lye will convert all of the offal in the pipe into soft soap, and the first current of water in the morning will remove it entirely and leave the pipe as clean as new. The so-called potash lye sold in small tin cans in the shops is not recommended for this purpose; it is quite commonly misnamed, and is called caustic soda, which makes a hard soap. The lye should be kept in heavy glass bottles or demijohns, covered with wicker work, and plainly labeled; always under lock when not in actual use. It does not act upon metals, and so does not corrode the pipes as do strong acids."

"WHAT can be done with a dozen old hens whose laying days are over, but whose flesh defies all ordinary methods of reducing to any eatable state? M. H. P., Paterson, N. J."

A profound authority on the Chemistry of Cookery, Professor Matthieu Williams, shall reply: "I may mention an experiment that I have made lately. I killed a superannuated hen—more than six years old, but otherwise in very good condition. Cooked in the ordinary way she would have been uneatably tough. Instead of being thus cooked, she was gently stewed about four hours. I cannot guarantee to the maintenance of the theoretical temperature, having suspicion of some simmering. After this she was left in the water until it cooled, and on the following day was roasted in the usual manner, i. e., in a roasting-oven. The result was excellent; as tender as a full-grown chicken roasted in the ordinary way, and of quite equal flavor, in spite of the very good broth obtained by the preliminary stewing. This surprised me. I anticipated the softening of the tendons and ligaments, but supposed that the extraction of the juices would have spoiled the flavor. It must have diluted it, and that so much remained was probably due to the fact that an old fowl is more fully flavored than a young chicken. The usual farm-house method of cooking old hens is to stew them simply; the rule in the Midlands being one hour in the pot for every year of age. The feature of the above experiment was the supplementary roasting."

MIGMA.

THE PRINCIPAL OFFICE OF THE CONTINENT IS NOW AT 23 PARK ROW, NEW YORK. Mail Matter not so addressed is necessarily delayed, and is far more likely to be lost altogether than if sent direct. Editors of exchanges, publishers of books intended for review, and ALL CORRESPONDENTS will please note the change. The Philadelphia office will be kept open for the reception of subscriptions and advertisements, but parties who have to address us by mail should do so at the New York office.

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IN the interesting paper on Anthony Trollope, published herewith, the author appears to make some implications with which a great many Americans will take issue. He intimates that in a general way the criticisms of Mrs. Trollope on American manners and customs were correct—in other words, that the average American of that day was a boor, and did not know it until Mrs. Trollope told him of his shortcomings, whereupon, after a short period of impotent wrath, he acknowledged the truth of her charges and proceeded to mend his ways. Now there is no doubt that Mrs. Trollope told the truth according to her light, but it would be unfair to permit the inference that there was no cultivated American society at that time. The fact is that no more charming social conditions have ever existed than those which marked the Colonial and post-Revolutionary periods. Every-day manners and customs among the then aristocracy were far more refined and elegant than those which prevail to-day among our modern plutocracy. If Mrs. Trollope failed to meet such society, it was her misfortune; but it is not fair to permit the inference that it did not exist. We do not believe, moreover, that her book had the effect ascribed to it. A boorish person does not ordinarily mend his manners on being bluntly told of his boorishness. It may be that Mrs. Trollope was made the victim of some of those practical jokes for which the West is famous. We have heard of Englishmen—Dickens was a case in point—for whose benefit extempore schools of manners were organized. A circle would draw up their chairs around the foreigner, putting their feet on the tables, expectorating recklessly, and indulging in all the traditional solecisms that came to hand. It is known that one of Dickens's most severe "Notes" resulted from a deliberately concerted plot of this kind; and the writer hereof has heard the story as told by one of the participants.

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THE alleged original of Mr. Dickens', or rather of Little Nell's "Old Curiosity Shop," has been in course of demolition of late in London. There is some doubt about the authenticity of the building, but all the relic-hunters of London have been to see it. Nell's reputed bedroom is described by an English contemporary as a dismal, gruesome apartment about nine feet square and as many in height. "One little window lets in what passes for light in Portsmouth Street, which serves only to reveal the gloominess of the surroundings. This is used as a bedroom by the occupants of the house, but at present it has the appearance of a receptacle for lumber. Most of the space is occupied by an ordinary iron bedstead, on which were a few dusty pictures, a meat-cover, and a door mat. A few chairs are on the floor, a few engravings and a plaster plaque of Dickens adorn the walls. The floor is thick with the dust from the carpet, and some empty bottles. The fire-place is stone,

painted black, and on the mantel-shelf is a model of a ship under a glass cover. In one corner is a quaint old cupboard. A portion of this little chamber is cut off by the top of the staircase, which is supposed to gain some light from a window covered with a heavy coat of yellow paint. Below this are fixed some shelves, where a few bundles of musty papers and old books lie neglected and forgotten. One lingers for a moment at the door, endeavoring to conjure up a vision of the most beautiful of Dickens's creations, but one conjures in vain. Little Nell refuses to appear. Looking through a little window, a foot square, one sees the ruin in the next room, where the full shock has been felt, where now a mass of rubbish is strewn on the floor."

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MR. MAURICE THOMPSON, in a recent number of *The Critic*, has hit upon an idea not unlike that of which we believe Mr. Henry Blackburn is the originator, as set forth in the present number of *THE CONTINENT*. "Our younger school of American authors," he says, "more especially the novelists, seem to have pushed realism quite far enough, save in the one direction of truthfulness to out-door nature. So far as this last is concerned, it would make little difference where one of our novels might nominally be located. One gets no clear idea of the sky, the fields, the streams, the roads, the hills, the atmosphere, the colors of nature peculiar to the seasons and the places. This shortcoming is owing, no doubt, to the fact that our littérateurs are mostly city folk, shut away from communion with out-door scenes and influences, and unused to keeping any minute memoranda of nature's phases. But the professional literary person ought to avail himself of every means for gathering material for his workshop. One of the best means is sketching from nature as supplemental to faithful written descriptions and suggestions. It was Gautier who said that words have a value extrinsic of their meaning—in a literary-artistic way—and so sketches from nature have a suggestiveness and vitalizing power not at all measured or controlled by their artistic merit or demerit. They serve as stimulants and tonics to the memory and as fertilizers to the creative power of the injunction."

February 22d.

THE recurrence of Washington's birthday is pleasantly commemorated by the following account of a new and, we believe, hitherto undescribed portrait. It is a remarkably fine photogravure reproduction of a miniature on ivory of General Washington, by James Sharpless, an English artist of ability, to whom we are indebted for portraits of many of the distinguished men of the era of the Revolution. The photo-engraving was executed by Messrs. Goupil & Co., of Paris, from a photograph made by Mr. Morand, of Philadelphia, in 1866, and is now published by him. The history of the miniature from which the photograph was taken is briefly told in a letter to Mr. Morand from the late William G. Webster, Esq., a son of Dr. Noah Webster, the lexicographer, written soon after the photograph was taken. Mr. Webster wrote:

"The miniature of Washington of which you have just produced so beautiful and so successful a photographic copy, was painted by Sharpless, an eminent British artist, in 1795, for General Washington himself, and as I was told by Mr. Custis, his adopted son, in whose presence the sittings were sometimes given, was presented by him

to his (Mr. C.'s) mother, who had married John Custis, the son of Lady Washington by a former husband. Mr. Custis often spoke of the likeness as very perfect, especially for the last four or five years of the General's life. The mother of Mr. Custis was Eleanor Calvert, grandniece of Lord Baltimore, who, after the death of her husband, married Dr. David Stuart, a young neighbor of General Washington, a gentleman of fortune and a fine scholar. At his death she gave the picture to her youngest daughter, Rosalie E. Stuart, who subsequently married the writer, then a citizen of New Haven. Some ten years ago she gave it to her youngest son, Lieutenant Calvert Stuart Webster, who perished in the late rebellion, and since his death it has been wholly in my possession as administrator of his will, he having left it in that instrument to a young minor niece, Rosalie Webster. Such is the brief history of that beautiful, artistic and perfect likeness of the great chief."

This highly prized portrait has never before been copied. Having always been in the possession of the Custis-Stuart family, and guarded with jealous care as a priceless treasure, it has been seen by comparatively few persons, and is not mentioned, so far as I am aware, in any published account of the Washington portraits. Yet its authenticity is beyond question; and it derives a special value from the fact that it was regarded by Washington's family as a "very perfect" likeness of the General. It is also interesting to note that it appears to have been the only portrait of him which belonged to, or at least was retained in, the General's immediate family.

In 1866, through the kind offices of Mr. Gordon L. Ford, of Brooklyn, who also married a daughter of Mrs. Dr. Stuart, Mr. Morand, at that time a photographer in Brooklyn, obtained permission to copy the miniature on two conditions: First—he was not to allow the picture to be out of his personal possession day or night; and, second, the photograph was to be shown to no one until Mr. Webster had seen and approved it. Accepting these conditions, for five months Mr. Morand carried the precious relic about with him, and slept with it under his pillow at night! With the ordinary lenses in use at that time he was unable to obtain such a copy as he felt ought to be made of so rare a picture. At length, however, after many failures by great good fortune he was able to purchase from an amateur photographer a very superior lens made expressly for copying, and succeeded in reproducing the portrait with a perfection beyond his highest expectations.

But even more satisfactory testimony to the fidelity of the reproduction was received by Mr. Morand from Mr. Daniel Huntington, the venerable President of the National Academy of Design. After a critical examination, Mr. Huntington wrote: "The photograph from the Sharpless miniature of Washington has proved a decided success. You have reproduced the original with all its light and shade and character, and it has a remarkable interest as being different from any other picture we have of Washington. I congratulate you heartily."

Soon after the photograph was obtained, Mr. Morand relinquished his business in Brooklyn and removed to Philadelphia, where he engaged in other pursuits. The negative was laid aside, and for several years nothing was done with it. But in 1880 Mr. Morand took it to Paris, where, as has already been stated, it was reproduced by the beautiful photogravure process. Of this reproduction Mr. Gordon L. Ford wrote to Mr. Morand in July last: "I am sure that it will take high rank among the Washington portraits, for we can have no higher ideal

of him than it gives us. I value it far above any other in my collection, now numbering several hundred."

The engraving hangs before me as I write. It is enlarged from the original, but in making the enlargement there has evidently been no sacrifice of delicacy; and it reveals to us a face full indeed of the calm wisdom and masterful dignity of the famous Stuart portrait, executed at about the same time, but with something more and more satisfactory than that. There are the same drooping eyelids and the powerful yet benign features, which did not invite familiarity while they awakened confidence. But it must be confessed that the Stuart portrait, serenely beautiful as it is, and indicative of the goodness which was so marked a characteristic of the first President's mature years, is lacking in the portrayal of those stronger traits which Washington undoubtedly possessed in no small measure—traits without which, indeed, he could not have been what he was to the strong men associated with him in war and peace, and to the country which idolized him. These stronger traits the Sharpless portrait supplies. Goodness, dignity, serenity, are as clearly portrayed in this as in the Stuart picture; but there is also a shrewd masculine force and vigor, a "latent fire," apparent in the keen eye and the firmly set yet mobile mouth which betrays the presence of strong passions and indomitable will such as belong of necessity to the leader of men. That Washington was a man of strong passions we have abundant evidence; but they were passions subdued and trained to high and noble uses by his powerful will.

In this respect the Sharpless miniature presents a peculiarly satisfying portrait of the soldier, statesman and ruler, whose commanding character and well-balanced mind won for him the esteem and confidence of his associates and the admiration of the world. With regard to its fidelity as a likeness we have the testimony of Mr. Custis as to the high estimation in which it was held by his family. But this is not all. Mr. Sharpless bore an excellent reputation as a portrait painter both in this country and in England. "To his pencil," says a recent writer, "we owe, in numerous instances, the only correct portraits of our Revolutionary statesmen and leading members of the convention who framed the Constitution. . . . He was long esteemed the best resident artist, and enjoyed the highest local fame before Jarvis." There is evidence, furthermore, in his own letters, that Sharpless had a clear apprehension of the character of the great man whose lineaments he was more than once commissioned to depict. He was an ardent admirer of Washington, and fully appreciated the difficulty of doing justice to his grand and awe-inspiring features. "It is not in the power of any painter," he wrote to his family, "to hold the dignity and mightiness of the great subject;" and in another place he says: "There was a concealed though not unconquered passion within him which rendered him a somewhat painful sitter. On this account I felt the necessity of making a dash at him before any *ennui* could be engendered"—a fact to which, as the writer afore quoted says of another and larger likeness by his hand, we may fairly attribute the superior animation of the portrait. Thus we have in combination the two essential requisites for producing a faithful portrait, technical skill and appreciation of the character of the subject. It may well be believed, therefore, that the highly valued miniature from which Mr. Morand's photo-engraving was taken presents a truthful as well as a strong and animated portrait of the great "Father of his Country."

THOMAS OAKES CONANT.



OF the many volumes which the Luther commemoration brought forth, nothing is comparable to the simple yet exhaustive biography of Dr. Julius Köstlin,¹ which has been a mine of wealth for many booksellers. The strangest characteristic is the extreme simplicity with which the story is told. There is not a page of fine writing in the entire volume, and yet the reader will have a far more distinct picture of the real man than anything ever before offered, Mr. Froude's graphic sketch² not excepted. In the latter there is a stronger sense of personality, for Köstlin gives details without comment, and never avails himself of even the most legitimate opportunities for discursiveness. But guarded as his method is, the narrative is one of even and sustained power and interest. Luther's faults are as plainly set forth as his virtues. He was coarse at times—often ill-humored—often, too, abusive in his manner of speech; but these are mere surface traits, born of a passionate and intense temperament, and of the time in which he lived, and part of the armor best suited to stand against the blows of his opponents. The blackest spot in his later career, the decision as to the marriage of Philip of Hesse, is commented upon frankly and dispassionately: "Friends of the Evangelical and Lutheran belief can only lament the decision he pronounced in this matter. Instead of drawing his conclusion from the moral aspect of marriage, as amply attested by the spirit of the New Testament, though not, indeed, exactly expressed, Luther, on this occasion, clung to the letter, and failed, of course, to find any written declaration on the point."

To Köstlin Luther is not only a great organizer, but first of all, teacher and awakener of the German people. Long before the beginning of the Church visitation in 1527, he had made his place in the popular heart. The people knew him, not only as one of themselves, but as the children's friend, the maker of catechism and of hymns that are as alive to-day as four hundred years ago; the translator of the Bible into the familiar tongue. His marriage brought him even nearer, and Köstlin writes: "His personal relations with his countrymen became all the more close and intimate in consequence of this change of life; and that which by many of his friends was regretted as a lowering of his reputation and influence, becomes a valuable and essential feature in the historical portrait now presented to our eyes. In single dramatic incidents and changes, so to speak, Luther's life henceforth, as was only natural, is not so rich as during the early years of development and struggle. We shall no longer meet with crises of such a kind as mark a momentous epoch."

The men who were of the same time and who shared or opposed his labors are as clearly outlined. There is a fine presentation of Erasmus as the leader of the humanists, and the differences between Luther and Zwingli as well as Erasmus are clearly defined. A

succession of portraits of Luther and his family and all most closely connected with him add to the interest of the beautiful volume, the translation of which must have been a somewhat heavy task, Professor Köstlin's style being of the most involved German order. Here and there an ultra-evangelical critic rises up and affirms that there are subtle dangers in the volume, and that the truest rendering of Luther's life is still to be found in D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation." "Köstlin's biography," writes one of these over-zealous critics, "is a great work, and worthy of a place by the side of that of D'Aubigne; but it has not the spirituality or the fervent, sympathetic evangelical character of that of the Swiss historian. Köstlin does not touch and move the heart of a Christian as D'Aubigne does. Another difference is that the blood of the martyrs speaks in the record of the Swiss annalist as it does not in the work of the German scholar. There are chords in the hearts of the people of the reformed churches, the sons of the martyrs, which respond to the touch of D'Aubigne as they do not under the hand of Köstlin."

It is unfortunate that the declamatory method of D'Aubigne should be upheld as the truest, when as calm and broad a presentation as that of Köstlin is in question, but it is certain that the test of time will prove the latter to be the verdict by which dispassionate readers will prefer to be guided, and Mr. Froude in his admirable sketch sums up the verdict of the majority when he writes: "At last we have a Life of Luther which deserves the name. . . . For such a biography Europe has waited till the eve of the four hundredth anniversary of his birth."

The little volume which appears in the "Standard Library"³ is an abstract of Köstlin's work, which Dr. Rein of Eisenach has made for popular use. The Life by Dr. Seiss⁴ comes also under the same head, though written from an independent standpoint; and a new critical edition of Luther's complete works is now in preparation, the Prussian Government sanctioning it and giving every facility to the editor, Dr. J. F. Knaake. "The arrangement of the new edition is to be strictly chronological, Latin and German writings being thus mingled in each volume as they were in fact developed in the mind of Luther himself. Each treatise, sermon or letter is to be preceded by a short introduction, with references to passages in which it is referred to, and a complete bibliography of its editions. The original orthography is to be preserved as far as possible consistently with clearness. The editor proposes to produce at the rate of about three volumes yearly, the whole edition to consist of thirty-five volumes. In the list of subscribers it is interesting to note that the United States appears for thirty-eight copies, Great Britain for seven, and France for three."

No memorial of Luther is likely to give greater pleasure to the owner than the beautiful quarto⁵ in which the Messrs. Scribner have enshrined "The Hymns of Martin Luther."

Luther's bible and Luther's hymns gave life not only to the churches of the Reformation, but to German nationality and the German language; and even

(1) LIFE OF LUTHER. By Julius Köstlin. With Illustrations from Authentic Sources. Translated from the German. Crown 8vo, pp. 522, \$2.50; Charles Scribner's Sons.

(2) LUTHER. A Short Biography. By James Anthony Froude. Paper, pp. 60, 30 cents; Charles Scribner's Sons.

(3) LIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER. By Dr. William Rein. Translated by Rev. G. F. Behringer. Standard Library, paper, pp. 146, 25 cents; Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

(4) LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION. The Life Springs of Our Liberties. By Joseph A. Seiss, D. D. 12mo, pp. 206, \$1.00; Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

(5) THE HYMNS OF MARTIN LUTHER. Set to Their Original Melodies. With an English Version, Edited by Leonard Woolsey Bacon, Assisted by Nathan H. Allen. Square 8vo, pp. 71, \$2.00; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Heine, who devoted much of his time to abuse of German character, wrote of the hymns: "Not less remarkable, not less significant, than his prose works are Luther's poems; those stirring songs which, as it were, escaped from him in the very midst of his combats and his necessities, like a flower making its way from between rough stones, or a moonbeam gleaming amid dark clouds. Luther loved music; indeed, he wrote treatises on the art. Accordingly, his versification is highly harmonious; so that he may be called the swan of Eisleben. Not that he is by any means gentle or swan-like in the songs which he composed for the purpose of exciting the courage of the people. In these he is fervent, fierce." The collection includes Luther's various prefaces to his hymn books, and is a final and authoritative presentation of both words and music.

THE Blackwoods are to bring out Anthony Trollope's last completed novel, "An Old Man's Love."

OF the limited edition of "The Letters and Poems of John Keats," published recently by Dodd & Mead, only twenty sets remain unsold.

THE *Book Buyer* in its revised form, from Charles Scribner's Sons, is welcomed by all book lovers; the London letter from Mr. Welford being its most valuable feature.

MR. JOHN HABBERTON, who has for years sunk his own personality in editorial work on the *New York Herald*, appears once more in fiction, having written a novel which will run as serial in the new Chicago weekly—*The Current*.

PRECISELY how did it get there is the query likely to occur to the average mind as it reads the obituary notice in the late report of the Massachusetts Baptist Convention. "There was," says the writer, "a delicious orange flavor about his sermons which always left in the mouth a taste of sweetness."

J. T. LOVETT, of the well-known Monmouth Nursery at Little Silver, N. J., has issued a seed catalogue for 1884, containing two colored plates, one of the "Hansell" raspberry, the other of the "Jessica," a Canadian seedling grape. Small fruits are largely represented, and the reputation of the nursery is sufficiently high to be a guarantee to all prospective buyers.

So much space has been of late occupied, in the daily press, by dispatches concerning the French in Tonquin—or Tong-King, as it is more correctly spelled—that a great many people ask, what it is all about, and find no one to answer the question. The publication of a well-written pamphlet on the subject, by Lieut. Sidney A. Staunton, U. S. A., is timely, and ought to be received with favor. (25 cents; Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston.)

MESSERS. HENRY HOLT & Co. have in preparation a "Guide to the Civil Service of the United States, as classified under the Civil Service act of 1883, including full information regarding the examinations for admission, and a list of all the non-elective officers and subordinate positions under the government, and the salary or compensation of each," with various other features interesting to all who follow the course of Civil Service reform.

HERBERT SPENCER has been stirred up, possibly by Henry George's unwelcome advent in England, and in the *Contemporary Review* advances the paradox that Liberals are Tories of a new type, and that modern Liberalism is steadily enlarging the coercive interference of the State with individual liberty. He cites as examples the inspection of schools, the Cattle Disease act, and the Factories acts, admitting that they have a good motive, but insisting that they reverse former Liberal principles.

The whole article is an ingenious extension of Mr. Spencer's well-known argument that the State should govern as little as possible.

THE *Literary News*, which, for four years, has given an exhaustive review of current literature, has now widened its scope of usefulness by adding a new department, devoted to Literature for the Young. This department is subdivided into three sections under the respective headings, "The Home and Town Library," "The Church and Sunday School Library," and "The School and Reference Library." It is under the able authorship of Miss Hewins, of the Hartford Library Association, who has for the past year been editor of a department of Literature for the Young, in the *Library Journal*, that is now transferred to the *Literary News*.

B. K. BLISS & SONS make a thousand prospective gardens with the roar of Broadway and Fulton street sounding through their spacious store-rooms. Their reputation is as sound as are their seeds, and their catalogue is this year as attractive as ever. Nothing more gorgeous in pansies has ever been known than the new variety, "Bliss's Perfection," which took the prize at the spring exhibition of the New York Horticultural Society in 1883; six varieties being given in the colored frontispiece. *The American Garden* is published also by the same firm, and is a faithful guide in all matters relating to work on small farms or in garden. B. K. Bliss & Sons.

THE latest theory of Shakespeare's sonnets comes from Holman Hunt, who believes that they were addressed "not to any unknown love or cherished male friend, but to his wife, Anne Hathaway. When confronted by the argument that all this exquisite fondness could not be intended for the lady to whom the poet left the slighting legacy of a second-best bed, he replies that as it was then English law and custom that a man's heir should inherit his best bed, Shakespeare gave the choicest that he could legally give to his widow. So strongly has the fair image of Anne Shakespeare impressed itself on Mr. Hunt's mind that he has been painting a very beautiful and noble picture of her."

AMONG the larger manuals which are almost indispensable to the maker or printer of books must rank "The American Printer," by Thomas MacKellar. As the head of one of the largest printing establishments in Philadelphia, Mr. MacKellar speaks with the authority of knowledge. The book contains full directions for managing every department of a printing office, together with a set of hints for authors that answer every question the inexperienced could ever ask. There is a full glossary of technical terms and a copious index, and the book is not only valuable in its information, but a very handsome specimen of the art it describes. (12mo, pp. 383, \$1.50; MacKellar, Smiths & Jordan, Philadelphia.)

"TREES and How to Paint Them in Water-Colors," by W. H. J. Boot, is not only one of the most perfect works of art which has issued from the press in a long time, but it is one of the most useful. With the aid of the text, the illustrations are just what a beginner needs to acquaint himself with the technique as well as the spirit in which vegetation is to be represented through that medium which is deservedly becoming popular in this country. The directions are brief, pointed, and perfectly intelligible; it would be difficult to find an equal amount of practical information in so small a compass. Beside a small wood-engraving of a branch of all the trees represented—the oak, elm, willow, beech, etc.—there are a number of lithographs of each, showing the different stages of the unfinished sketch and then of the completed picture. They cannot fail to be very suggestive to the student of outdoor life, if they are not, indeed, all the instruction needed. (Oblong 4to, pp. 28, \$2.50; Cassell & Co.)

"THE TINKHAM BROTHERS TIDE MILL," having run its course as a serial waited for impatiently from month to month, and read by thousands of delighted boys and girls, appears now in book form, and adds another to the series of charming books Mr. Trowbridge has made for young people. His boys are sometimes a little over-wise for boys in their teens, but they are always honest, high-minded, and with all a boy's capacity for work and play. Mr. Trowbridge's humor, his fidelity to nature and story-telling power lose nothing with years, and he stands at the head of those who are furnishing a literature for the young, clean and sweet in tone, and always of interest and value. (16mo, illustrated, pp. 326, \$1.25; Lee & Shepard.)

A NEATLY bound and carefully printed little book is received from the author, John Laffan, who is also the publisher, entitled "Skool Reform." In the letter which accompanies the volume Mr. Laffan writes:

"My book kan be uzd (yood) az an eksaisize book for the hihiist (hiist) klasiz in apeling, the puplz may be rekward tō copy ech pees into the komin spelling. I think U are a good skolr and kan eezily reed my book and this letr."

With a blush of modesty we admit the justice of the author's reference to our "skolr"ship. We have read his letter, but must beg to be excused from reading his book, which we need hardly add comprises a system of phonetic spelling. Without going counter to any one's preferences we may say that such books have their uses.

THE *Platonist* enters its second year with the addition of an attractive cover; the contents being of the same order as in preceding numbers. Its first year has shown that scholars and thinkers value it thoroughly, and it is hoped that the many who desire to become more familiar with the platonic philosophy—"a philosophy totally subversive of sensualism, materialism, folly and ignorance"—will aid in the support of the new undertaking. The tendency to materialism is so strong that anything that turns the attention to a higher standpoint deserves welcome. The scope of the journal is to "be extended so as to include not only the wisdom-religion of the archaic period, Oriental as well as occidental philosophy, but philological investigations, translations and interpretations of the later writers, the various utterances of gifted and enlightened individuals, and, in short, every variety of inquiry and speculation relating to the interior life." The number for January contains, among other important papers, one very noble one on "The Soul," by Dr. Alexander Wilder, a student whose reputation is that of one of the deepest and closest thinkers of the platonic school; while his reputation as a scholar is equally high. Edited by Thomas M. Johnson, Osceola, St. Clair county, Missouri; \$2.00 per year.

THE *London Graphic* describes some processes of book restoration new to the uninitiated: "Some of the books in the last instalment of the Sunderland sale had been ruined by clumsy attempts to clean them. A Terence, with the date 1469, would be the earliest known printed copy, if the date were genuine. But the paper is so grievously rotted by chemicals that the volume was sold for twenty-five shillings. In another copy, so extremely rare that Dibdin only knew it in an imperfect state, and Brunet did not know it at all, the paper had also been rotted in the cleaning, and the book sold for four pounds. It seems a pity that a beginner in the fine art of washing books chose such valuable specimens for his first experiments. In the 'Annuaire du Bibliophile' for 1862, M. Méray teaches the poor collector how to make a clean and valuable book out of a dirty and ignoble specimen. If a book be greasy, you separate the leaves and dip them in a solution of *potasse caustique*, following up this by a bath of *eau de Javel*, with a fourth part of clear water. A bath of sulphate of soda follows, and it only remains to hang these sheets up to dry on strings stretched across a room.

When paper is 'cottony' and rotten, a bath in water in which gelatine has been dissolved, with a little alum, may be recommended. It would be extremely interesting to make these experiments on the books of our friends."

VARIOUS volumes of verse have gathered on the book-table, and demand more or less consideration, though but one has much intrinsic claim to attention. "The Happy Isles, and Other Poems," by S. H. M. Byers, is a very unpretentious collection that has much real poetic feeling and grace of expression, the poem which gives the title being especially tender and delicate, while every Iowan will take delight in the ringing apostrophe to Iowa. (16mo, pp. 121, \$1.25; Cupples, Upham & Co.) The West finds representation also in "One or Two?" By Two Sisters. A collection of poems by L. Virginia French and Lide Meriwether. The names are familiar, and the verse is easy and pitched on a popular key, but has no slightest pretension to be considered as poetry. (8vo, pp. 230, \$1.50; Meriwether Bros. St. Louis.) Mr. Calvert, in "The Nazarine," adds another to the beautifully printed little volumes which come from the press of Lee & Shepard with the regularity of clock-work. (Square 18mo, pp. 54, \$1.) Mr. Benjamin Hathaway sends a short poem on George Eliot and a sonnet on "Dreams" which is far beyond anything else in his little collection. Of the "Poems and Swedish Translations," by Frederick Peterson, M. D., the poems hold better work than the translations, which will interest rather from the unfamiliar ground they cover than from any marked individuality. (16mo, pp. 222, \$1.25; Peter Paul & Brother, Buffalo.) "Old and Familiar Hymns" have been arranged by the editor of that popular favorite, "The Changed Cross," in a small volume easily handled by the invalid, and while limited in scope, containing many familiar friends. (18mo, pp. 216, 75 cents; A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) Next comes Canon Farrars "With the Poets," its purpose being not to rival other anthologies, but to give a collection of poems or passages from poems intended for the use of young readers, who are expected to learn as many as possible by heart. No living authors have been drawn upon, but the collection is an excellent one for its purpose, and comes in two forms, that of the familiar paper covers of the "Standard Library," which has never sent out a discreditable book, and in cloth. (12mo, pp. 290, \$1; Funk & Wagnalls.) Last on the list comes "Poems," by Augustin L. Taveau, Vol. I., in which the story of Montezuma is told at length. Historical poems seldom hold the reader's interest, and so far as can be discovered this is no exception to the rule, while the shorter poems are equally lacking in any real poetic feeling. (16mo., pp. 159, \$1.25; G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVISION COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. Based upon the Revised Versions of 1881. By English and American Scholars and Members of the Revision Committee. Edited by Philip Schaff, D.D. Vol. VI. The Epistle to the Romans. By Professor M. B. Riddle. 16mo, pp. 226, \$1.00; Charles Scribner's Sons.

SESAME AND LILIES. Three Lectures by John Ruskin. I. Of Kings' Treasures; II. Of Queens' Gardens; III. Of the Mystery of Life. 12mo, pp. 186, 50 cents; John Wiley & Sons.

ST. MARK'S REST. The History of Venice. Written for the Help of the Few Travelers who still care for her Monuments. 12mo, pp. 185, \$1.00; John Wiley & Sons.

POEMS. By Augustin L. Taveau. Vol. I. 16mo, pp. 159, \$1.25; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE WORDS OF CHRIST. As Principles of Personal and Social Growth. By John Bascom. 12mo, pp. 220; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (1722-1799). By John Habberton. Lives of American Worthies. 16mo, pp. 345; Henry Holt & Co.

A LATTER DAY SAINT. Being the Story of the Conversion of Ethel Jones. Related by Herself. American Novel Series, No. I. 16mo, pp. 200, \$1.00; Henry Holt & Co.

ERRING, YET NOBLE. The Story of a Woman's Life. By Isaac G. Reed, Jr. 12mo, pp. 464, \$2.50; Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.



The following rules will govern correspondence designed for this department, and readers are cordially invited to contribute either questions or answers, always bearing in mind the fact that, while a score of communications may be received, only one can ordinarily be published:

- 1—Letters designed for it should be distinctly marked with an interrogation point above the address upon the envelope in which they are sent.
- 2—The full name and address of the writer must accompany each inquiry; not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.
- 3—Each inquiry must be written on a separate piece of paper.
- 4—In answering inquiries always refer to the number of the query, and not to the number or page of the magazine.
- 5—Answers may be by members of the editorial staff or from other sources, in which latter case the initials, name or *nom de plume* of the author will be affixed.

Questions.

[Continued from No. 102.]

134—CAN you inform me if women are ever permitted, under any circumstances whatever, to enter a Turkish mosque?

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Never, we believe, unless they evade recognition by masculine disguises or overcome the conscientious scruples of the custodians by means of bribery.

135—I WOULD like to know something more about the process of making photo-engravings than I can find in Chambers' Encyclopedia. What chemicals are now used? If you do not deem this a subject of sufficient general interest to answer in the pages of THE CONTINENT, please let me know where I can procure the desired information.

J. J. G. S.

"Wilson's Photographics" contains some hints on the subject. None of the encyclopedias are very satisfactory, but the patents for the process, as issued to Dr. W. H. Fox Talbot (No. 179, 1852, and No. 875, 1858), are said to contain clear accounts of the original process. This has, of course, been largely improved upon, but most of the improvements have been kept secret, and are carefully guarded from publication. This accounts for the lack of authoritative publications on the subject. Copies of the patents can be obtained by writing to the Patent Office at Washington.

136—[123] In reply to J. F. Dalton in "Notes and Queries," I think Dr. Milton Chase, at Otsego, Mich., would willingly, if written to, answer any questions in regard to his father, Warren Chase.

137—MANY writers, in these days of abbreviation, save time by dating their letters in some such way as this: 2:3:'84, or 10:5:'84, or '84:6:7, etc. Now, how is one to know whether the first example means February 3d or March 2d; whether the second example is October 5th or May 10th, and whether the third means June 7th or July 6th. I would like to know what is recognized as the proper order, for it is certainly a convenient way of dating postal cards and other informal notes and memoranda.

K. H.

There is no authority on the subject. The post-office is not uniform in its practice, but some at least of its receipt stamps follow this order:—month, day, year. It is of little consequence which stands first if uniformity can be secured, and it would seem that common sense is a safe guide. The year is certainly the most important period

to be fixed, the month comes next, and the day last. The natural order, therefore, would seem to be, for instance: '84:2:23, meaning February 23d, 1884.

138—WILL you please inform me through the columns of THE CONTINENT which game is considered the most enjoyable and healthful—archery or lawn tennis?

A. B. H.

We are unable to decide. Answers from both sides are in order.

139—PLEASE give me some information concerning Professor Shumway's Latin periodical, made mention of in "The Bookshelf" of Nos. 70 and 100 of THE CONTINENT. Where is it published, and how often is it issued?

Its name is "Latine." It is published monthly by D. Appleton & Co., of this city, and is an admirable publication in its way.

140—WOULD the editor of THE CONTINENT be kind enough to inform me what would be the best course to pursue in order to become a novelist (a successful one)? Any hint or course you might indicate would be of great advantage to one who is unacquainted with the subject.

G. F. S.

Nothing is easier, provided you can contrive a really good plot and have the knack of descriptive, colloquial and narrative writing in an entertaining style. Lacking these, we can only advise you to let novel writing alone; and in any event, the sole way of finding out is to try.

141—IS there something I could do in the house to help out a small income? I have three or four hours of each day after my duties are done. I would be so grateful for some advice. I can do nothing out of doors, for we have no ground. Would you kindly tell me how much is paid for "indexing" a magazine? I noticed something about that way of adding to one's income in THE CONTINENT once, if one could get the work. It would not be hard to index THE CONTINENT, as I read it, or any other magazine, if I did not have to go back over a number of volumes. Pardon me if I have presumed in writing to you, but I took courage from the kindly words you have written.

M. R.

Without better knowledge of your training and surroundings an answer is very difficult. Indexing is done by specialists generally, and is hardly open as an occupation. The What-to-Do Club holds all the hints for indoor work that seem practical, but a little book published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, "Work for Women," may suggest something. In this connection we may be permitted to quote from our contemporary, *The American*, a paragraph which states some of the difficulties of indexing:

"It is little understood what an amount of painstaking labor is involved in the preparation of an index such as could be pronounced actually good. To group together in a satisfactory manner the facts relating to each subject is frequently a task which even the author of the book would find it impossible to accomplish. In no class of publications is this better illustrated than in the case of historical works. Take, for example, a history of the United States. What disposition is to be made in the index of such subjects as "Indians," "Spaniards," "Canada," "France," "Puritans," "Taxation," "Congress," "Slavery," "Currency," "Navy," "New England," "Tories," "Nullification?" It is evident that if under the head of "Indians" the most important facts relating to the race were registered, and the same thing were done with all such titles as "Spaniards," "French," "Iroquois," "Hurons," and the like, the work of the index-maker would simply have to be endless. How much time and labor would it not take, only to sift out and enter the main facts relating to each individual colony? To deal in anything like a proper and logical way with comprehensive titles like the above is virtually an impossibility; and yet we cannot afford to leave them out. What is the index-maker really to do with such a subject as "Iroquois?" The race is at one time spoken of as the "Iroquois," at another

as the "Five Nations," and then as the "Six Nations." If he belongs to the ignorant and inadvertent class or literary drudges, he is likely to make a sad business of it. Are passages dealing with the achievements of individual tribes of the Iroquois family, as the Mohawks and Senecas, to be entirely ignored under the heading "Iroquois"? Is the account of the foundation of Plymouth Colony to be referred to under "Massachusetts," or not? As the name "Massachusetts" is not likely to occur in connection with the event, the indexer will probably make no reference to the passage. But suppose, now, an uninformed reader wishes to learn something about the first colonization of Massachusetts. How is he to know that he must look under the heading "Plymouth," or "Pilgrim Fathers," being ignorant as to where or by whom the first settlement was made? He may thus, no matter how full the index may be, fail to find his way to even the most important facts. We cannot easily imagine a more discouraging situation than that of the conscientious indexer of a universal history attempting to grapple with such a combination as "Saracens," "Arabs," "Moors."

142—A few young people in the country are desirous of laying the foundation for a library to which they can have free access. Their means are limited and they cannot afford costly editions. Will you kindly give such information as you can as to the following list?

G. F. S.

"1. Best edition of Goldsmith, in two volumes. 2. Best edition of Lamb, in two volumes. 3. Best *Pronouncing Dictionary* (I cannot afford Webster's or Worcester's). 4. Best Method of learning French, Latin, German and Spanish. 5. Best Method of English Composition. 6. Best edition of the "Spectator," in two or three volumes. 7. Best Biographical Dictionary, including contemporaneous men and women. 8. Best Book of Quotations. 9. Best History of the United States. (I cannot afford to buy Bancroft, but want one as good.) 10. Best Brief General History of the World. 11. Best History of English Literature, to the present time. 12. Best History of American Literature. 13. History of Ireland. 14. History of England. 15. History of New York. 16. An Outline of the Principles of Philosophy, from Zeno to J. S. Mill. 17. Plutarch's Lives, in two or three volumes. 18. Plutarch's Morals, in two or three volumes. 19. Dictionary of Mythology, one volume."

The foregoing request reaches us just as we go to press, and it is impossible to look up all the editions asked for on such short notice. A fuller answer will be given in the next instalment of N. & Q., but this will do to start with and will perhaps enable G. F. S. to invest a portion of the library fund to good advantage. In the meantime, perhaps some of our readers will send us suggestions as to the list of books asked for:

Stormunth's is an excellent etymological and pronouncing dictionary. It is an English publication, and may be obtained from Charles Scribner's Sons, the American agents.

For French, Borel's Grammar, published by Henry Holt & Co., New York, will be found an excellent one, or Otto's, which is almost equally popular, while if a more immediate facility is needed, the "Meisterschaft System," by Dr. Rosenthal, published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston, has proved very efficient.

In German, either Otto's or Worman's Grammar, or the *Meisterschaft System*. De Lornos has an excellent Spanish grammar, and the *Sauveur System* includes manuals of all the languages mentioned.

In "Methods for English Composition," that of Quackenbos is simple and practical, but Bain's Rhetoric covers part of the same ground in broader manner.

George Routledge & Co., New York, have a cheap but well-made edition of the "Spectator" in three volumes.

Lippincott's Allibone's Biographical Dictionary is the

best, and a small one has been published by Porter & Coates.

Higginson's Short History of the United States is the best short presentation of the facts ever made.

Bartell's Familiar Quotations is the best practical volume of the sort, The Hoyt-Ward Dictionary of Quotations ranking next.

Taylor's History of the World will meet your purpose, or an excellent one by Miss Walheimer.

Morley's History of English Literature, edited by Prof. M. C. Lyles, is comprehensive and good.

Richardson's Primer of American Literature is the best short presentation of the subject, but the larger work of Prof. M. C. Lyles is the only authoritative one ever given.

Green's Short History of England, in one volume, or the enlarged work in form, is the best work of the sort, and an expert says that Sullivan's and McCarthy's are the best editions of Ireland.

Mrs. Martha Lamb's History of New York is very elaborate. A small volume by Dr. Francis covers essential ground.

Smith's Dictionary of Mythology is the standard authority.

Little, Brown & Co. print a fine edition of Plutarch's Lives, and also of the Morals.

For thorough and speedy knowledge of Latin, the new method of Professor Edgar Shumway, Pottadam, N. Y., is in many points the best known, the results accomplished having been very surprising ones. Application to him will give you all the details required.

143—How can sponges be bleached?

A. L. V. W., Orange, N. J.

The process devised by Mr. John Borsham, of Bellevue, as given in the *Scientific American*, has proved the most effectual one:

"Soak the sponges, previously deprived of sand and dirt by beating and washing, in a one-per-cent solution of permanganate of potassium. Then remove them, wash them thoroughly with water, and press out the water. Next put them into a solution of one-half pound of hyposulphite of sodium in one gallon of water, to which one ounce of oxalic acid has been added, and leave them in the solution for fifteen minutes. Finally, take them out, and wash them thoroughly. By this treatment the sponges are rendered perfectly white. Many sponges contain a more or less dark-colored, brownish core. If treated only with permanganate and acid, the core is either not bleached at all, or if it has been somewhat bleached, the tint is apt to grow again darker. By the above modification, every portion of the sponge is rendered white, and remains so."

144 [123]—IN the answer of THE CONTINENT to Inquiry No. 123 a grammatical error occurred which should be corrected, owing to the fact that it too frequently occurs in really good literature. We refer to the sentence, "We are unable to state whether or no the author is living." The error will be apparent if we supply the ellipsis. The sentence would then read, "We are unable to state whether the author is living or is not living." Not should be substituted for no. E. S. NICHOLS, Wapakoneta, Ohio.

145—SOME oil-paintings have been badly fly-specked, and are otherwise soiled. What would you recommend as the best method of cleansing?

B. C. N., Germantown, Pa.

The practice generally in vogue among cleaners is as follows: Remove the Frame, and dust the surface with brush or feather, after which pass a sponge moistened in spring-water over it. Cover the picture next with a shaving-soap lather, which does not easily dry, and in ten minutes wash off again with a brush and as little water as necessary. When dry, rub with a clean rag moistened in nitro-benzine or artificial oil of bitter almonds, substituting a fresh rag occasionally, and not desisting from the process as long as the rags get dirty. Treatment with fine olive-oil, and afterward with a quick-drying varnish, will revive the colors if dull.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.

January 1.—During December the decrease of the public debt was \$11,743,337. The total decrease since June, 1838, was \$53,049,483.

Jan. 2.—Mr. James Russell Lowell's resignation of the Rectorship of St. Andrew's University was officially announced. He is to deliver an address to the students.

Jan. 3.—Steps were taken in San Francisco with a view to holding a World's Fair in that city in 1887.—Keshub Chunder Sen., the East Indian philanthropist and promoter of the Brama Somaj, is dead.

Jan. 4.—Dr. Edward Laaker, the eminent German statesman, died suddenly in this city. He came to America, in June last, to study the land and its people.—The Reading Railroad notified its employees that they would not be permitted to hold public offices and at the same time remain in the company's service.—Mr. Henry Villard resigned the presidency of the Northern Pacific Railroad, having become heavily involved, though without loss of personal credit, during his presidency.

Jan. 5.—The coal managers of Pennsylvania gave orders for half time in the mines until the end of March. This affects the comfort of many thousand families.

Jan. 7.—Congress re-assembled after the Christmas vacation.—A. P. Martin was inaugurated Mayor of Boston.

Jan. 9.—The protection of the Adirondack forests is strongly urged by the State Superintendent of Public Works.—Resolutions were adopted by the Montreal Corn Exchange, one of the most important of the Canadian trade organizations, looking to the establishment of free trade in all natural productions between the United States and Canada.

Jan. 10.—The net decrease in the revenues, owing to the reduction in postage at 140 principal post-offices, for the fourth quarter of 1883, as compared with the same quarter of 1882, was \$79,948. These offices receiving about one-half of the entire postal revenues. The three offices showing the greatest loss were New York, \$25,318; Chicago, \$11,281; and Boston, \$10,455. The largest increase was at Louisville, Ky., where the receipts for the last quarter of 1883 exceeded those of 1882 by \$13,163.

Jan. 11.—The Senate passed a bill appropriating \$1,000,000 to continue the improvements already begun by the Mississippi River Improvement Commission.—The Texas Legislature has met in extra session. The Governor's message deals principally with remedies for the fence-cutting war. He recommends that fence-cutting be made a penitentiary offence.

Jan. 13.—The Secretary of the Treasury issued a call for \$10,000,000 three per cent bonds.—The North River Construction Company, which built the New York, West Shore and Buffalo Railway, was put in the hands of a receiver on Saturday evening, on the application of the President of the New Jersey and New York Railroad. General Edward F. Winslow, the President of the company said: "The application was made in the interest and for the protection of both creditors and stockholders of the company, for the purpose of holding intact the assets of the company, among which are more than \$20,000,000 of the stock of the New York, West Shore and Buffalo Railway Company, constituting a majority of its whole capital stock."

Jan. 14.—The New York Court of Appeals met on Monday in its new rooms in the State Capital at Albany for the first time. A resolution from the New York Bar Association was presented, requesting the judges to wear robes of silk. They will consider the matter.—Gov. Hoadly of Ohio was inaugurated.—Senator Edmunds was elected President *pro tem* of the U. S. Senate, Senator Anthony having declined the position because of ill health.

Jan. 15.—Mrs. Valeria Stone, who has given about \$2,000,000 to colleges and other public objects, died at Malden, Mass.—James Russell Lowell has accepted the Presidency of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, England, for 1884.

Jan. 16.—In the Senate Mr. Hoar's bill relative to the electoral count was passed without debate, in order to get it before the House as soon as possible. It is the bill which passed the Senate last year.—The bill appropriating \$1,000,000 for the improvement of the Mississippi River passed the House on Thursday by a vote of 215 to 64.

Jan. 17.—The Dominion Parliament of Canada opened its fifth session.

Jan. 18.—The steamer *City of Columbus*, bound from Boston for Savannah, went ashore on Devil's Bridge, off Gay Head, at 3.45 a. m., and at once began breaking up. She carried fifty-nine first-class and twenty-two steerage passengers, and a crew of forty-five. Of these fifty-five first-class and fourteen steerage passengers, and twenty-eight of the officers and crew, were lost. Gay Head is a promontory forming the western extremity of the island of Martha's Vineyard, twenty-two miles from Edgartown. The extreme cold of the weather rendered the sufferings of the castaways peculiarly distressing. The wreck was undoubtedly due to a culpable lack of vigilance on the part of the officers. The officers and crew of the Revenue cutter *Dexter* and a life-boat from Gay Head rendered gallant service in saving life, and have received the thanks of the House of Representatives and of several state legislatures.—E. R. Wilson, of Maryland, was elected to the United States Senate to succeed Mr. Groome.—It is reported that each of the American Bishops who attended the recent Catholic Conference at Rome received printed instructions from Pope Leo regarding the future policy of the Church in this country.

Jan. 21.—The House voted to repeal the Ironclad Oath. It also declared by a large majority that lands should be restored to the public domain which have been forfeited under the original grants to railroads.

Jan. 23.—Senator Sherman offered a resolution directing the Committee on Privileges and Elections to investigate the so-called Danville and Copiah outrages.—United States Senator Allison was re-elected by the Iowa Legislature.

Jan. 24.—Mr. Hoar's bill to provide against a possible vacancy in the Presidential office passed the Senate. In case there is no President or Vice-President it vests the office, in order, in the Secretaries of State, the Treasury, War, the Attorney-General, Postmaster-General, Navy and Interior.—The Greeley relief resolution, passed by the House, was also passed by the Senate, after it had been amended so that the men who are to form the relief party shall be volunteers. A Dundee whaler was at once purchased by government agents in Scotland.

Jan. 26.—Ex-Gov. John Letcher of Virginia, and several times member of Congress from that state, died at Lexington after a long illness. He was elected governor in 1859 and held the office until the second year of the war.

Jan. 28.—The Danville-Copiah resolution, offered by Senator Sherman on the 23d inst., was passed by a strict party vote, without debate, the Democrats having agreed in caucus not to answer back.

Jan. 30.—Senator Logan has reported the Cox bill to repeal the test oath with important modifications, maintaining the stigma of treason upon graduates of West Point and of the Naval Academy who joined the rebellion, and making it impossible for a disloyal man to recover war claims.

Jan. 31.—The House of Representatives passed a bill declaring forfeited a number of railroad land grants to Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, and other states.—A new agreement between the Canadian government and the Canadian Pacific Railroad was presented to the Dominion House of Parliament. It proposes an advance of not more than twenty-two million five hundred thousand dollars to be made by the government at five per cent interest, for which the entire road becomes liable. The three per cent government guarantee remains as before.

February 1.—By a vote of 184 to 78 the House of Representatives passed the bill restoring Fitz-John Porter to the army, and directing the President to place him upon the retired list.—The public debt was reduced \$11,958,004 during January.

Feb. 2.—Wendell Phillips died at his residence, in Boston, after a week's illness, from angina pectoris. He was 73 years old.

Feb. 3.—Eugene Rouher, the eminent French statesman, died in Paris, aged 70 years. He began his public career after the Revolution of 1848.

Feb. 4.—The Winter Carnival opened with great brilliancy at Montreal.—A strike of spinners began at Fall River, Mass.

Feb. 5.—The British Parliament opened with a vigorous attack on the ministry for its Egyptian policy.

Feb. 6.—The month's record closes with the defeat of Baker Pasha near Suakim, he and his European staff barely cutting their way through the Arab hosts, who surrounded them. England has decided not to interfere in the Sudan, but will not prevent Egypt or Turkey from doing so. "Chinese" Gordon has been sent to the Sudan by the Egyptian Government, to conduct operations against El Mahdi.

